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Poetry.

WHAT IT IS TO BE FORTY.

To discover a sprinkle of gray in your beard,
And a thinness of crop where the upland is cleared;
To note how you take to your slippers and gown,
And hug to the fire when you get home from town—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

To find that your shadow has portlier grown,
That your voice has a practical, business-like tone;
That your vision is tricky, which once was so bright,
And a hint of a wrinkle is coming to light—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

A sleigh-ride's a party, a dance or a dine;
Why, of course you'll be present, you never decline;
But, alas! there's no invite, you're not "young folks," you see;
You're to longer a peach, but a crab-apple tree—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

A daughter that grows like a lily, a queen,
And that blooms like a rose in a garden of green,
A dapper young clerk in an ice-cream saloon,
Both a dude and a duce, is to carry off soon;
And a boy that is ben, and the pride of your eyes,
Is caught smoking vile cigarettes on the sly—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

At twenty a man dreams of power and fame;
At thirty his fire has a soberer flame;
At forty his dreams and his visions are o'er,
And he knows and he feels as he ne'er did before,
That a man is a fool till he's forty.

Ah, we're young and we're old, and we're green,
and we're gray,
And the law of our living is change and decay;
Come, see the lone spot in the Valley of Tears,
Where every baby lies low in the cradle of years,
When no longer on earth he is forty.

DRINKING SONG BY A TEETOTALER.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I've been drinking, I've been drinking
To intoxication's edge;
Do not chide me, for this tipple
Wasn't mentioned in the pledge.

Nay, believe me, 'twasn't brandy
Brought the roses that you see;
One can get a finer carmine
From a purer *eau de vie*.

No, indeed, it was not claret;
Think I were something over-weak;
There's a vastly better vintage
For the painting of a cheek!

Not Angelica, the nectar
By Lovola's children pressed
From the Andalusian clusters
Ripened in the golden West.

Not Madeira, Hock nor sherry—
No, indeed, 'tis none of these
Makes me giddy in the forehead,
Makes me tremble in the knees!

Nay—I own it—'tis the honey
That a favored lover sips
All unheeding of the danger
From a pair of luscious lips.

Thus it is that I've been drinking
To intoxication's edge,
Till I marvel that the tipple
Isn't mentioned in the pledge.

For the taste is so enchanting
'Tis impossible to see
Should it grow into a habit
What the consequence may be!

Well—I'll heed the sage's lesson
(Pleasant, though it be in vain)
And by drinking very largely
Try to sober me again!

Our Story Teller.

UNLUCKY THIRTEEN.

I am a jealous man. There is no use in attempting to deny it; but to-night there will be, there can be, no one of whom I need be jealous. Lord MacPhoole certainly—but—

Here Jenkyns throws open the drawing-room door and announces me: "Mr. Trevor."

"Oh, Trevor, how d'ye do?" says my host, laying his hand on my shoulder.

I shrink inwardly from his touch, but I smile politely; for though I hate the old man, I love his daughter.

"I believe we should be thirteen," he goes on. "Kent has failed us at the last moment. But you don't mind, do you?"

I protest I have not the slightest objection.

"No, I thought not," said Mr. Bellairs, with a horrid smile—in any one else but a daughter's father, a disgusting leer. "Superstition is the last thing you young men go in for nowadays, eh?"

I assent to this original proposition.

"Somebody was saying, just before you came in, that Trevor fought shy of thirteen at dinner. But you say you don't?"

From my old nurse I imbibed many curious superstitions horrors, of which I have never been able to rid myself, but how can I confess it to this ogre? I boldly deny any such weakness, and, to my unutterable relief, he moves away.

If he marvel to me how such a monster can have such a daughter as Evelyn. I think to myself her mother must have been an angel of beauty and goodness, and probably died of horror at a nearer acquaintance with the ogre. I am just settling this question entirely to my own satisfaction, when the door opens. Though my back is turned I know it is Evelyn. She nods and smiles kindly as she passes me.

For the space of that second I breathe the air of paradise. But she goes on into the drawing-room, and I hear her greeting her guests, and laughing and talking gayly. Then I see Lord MacPhoole, that fatuous idiot, sitting by her, and she seems positively to enjoy his weak jokes. He is a horrid radical, and to me they have a low, democratic flavor. What right has he to think he may amuse a goddess with his feeble wit? From my inmost soul I loathe the facetious fellow.

To add to my discomfort, those old-world superstitious rear their heads. Never in my life have I made one of thirteen. Of course, there is nothing in it, I tell myself. How could there be? Nevertheless I grow more ill at ease. How do I know it is not true? Who has ever proved it? And Evelyn says something which makes MacPhoole laugh. How can she condescend to be amused with such empty creature?

Ah, joy! he is leaving her side with some last joke, most likely as stale an old as the hill. The chair next her is empty. Why should not I——?

Thinking to leap at once to heaven from the place of torment, I rush into the other room.

"Mr. Trevor!" cries a voice I have heard called sweet. To me it is the voice of an owl, a crow.

Taking not the slightest notice, I continued my way heading. She sees me coming. Is it only flattering self-deception, or does she smile with pleasure? At this moment I find some little impediment in my mad career.

"Oh, dear, Mr. Trevor," I hear Miss Fortescue cry, "you have knocked down my fan. Are you growing blind?"

Muttering anathemas on that hateful fan, I pick it up and return it to her. She then proceeds, so it seems to my excited imagination, to inquire minutely into the health of every member of my family. I have always thought myself a squire of dames, and Miss Fortescue is both beautiful and charming; but nevertheless I felt that I could, with cheerful alacrity, apply the first torch to her funeral pyre.

At last she is satisfied. I turn to leave her, and behold that giggling MacPhoole in the act of sitting down again by Evelyn! She only sent him for a fire-screen. Who but I, her bond slave, should wait on her? Who else fetch her fire-screens?

Freely, unreservedly, did I consign Miss Fortescue to outer darkness, there to wander with her fan forever.

Unconscious of the horrible fate awaiting her, I hear her entertaining Lambert Kerr with remarks of a familiarity which she went last night I sit desperately down by a small table and open an album. On the first page I behold the monster and Miss Fortescue. Bang! I shut it up and clasp it.

"Cheer up, Jack, old fellow!" a kind, merry voice says, close to my ear. "You are to sit next but one to her at dinner. I have been pumping Jenkyns."

"Chalmers, you are a trump!" I say gratefully, as he sits down.

"You seem awfully down," he continues, leaning his elbow on the table. "Is it that ass MacPhoole you are jealous of? Only a minute before you came in I heard her compare his laughter to the crackling of thorns under a pot."

"Well," I allow, greatly relieved, "I hardly supposed she would like him, but—hang it all, Chalmers, we are to be thirteen!"

"And what of that?" He stares at me, and then bursts into an incredulous laugh. "You don't mean to say you are growing superstitious, Jack? Poor fellow!"

There is a note of contemptuous pity in his tone, and really my fancies do seem absurd to a sane man.

"No, no," I say; "but still you know, one does not exactly like to run counter to established beliefs."

"Established beliefs!" he laughs again. "I have never had much sympathy with the tender passion myself, but if it can turn a reasonable man like you into an old woman I shall abjure it altogether. I live by my wits, and I can't afford to trifle with them!"

"Chalmers!" I say, angrily, "you are a cold-blooded—"

"And I think, Trevor," he returned, pointedly, "you are a trifle too hot-blooded!"

He goes away. The next minute I hear him laughing with Miss Fortescue and Lambert Kerr—at me, I daresay.

But I do not care. In the other drawing-room I see Evelyn still talking to MacPhoole. She is there; here am I, not 30 feet away, yet an impassable gulf divides us. It is like a horrid nightmare.

Then I see MacPhoole leaves her, and Chalmers, mine own familiar friend, darts from some lurking place, and, with a fiendish smile of triumph in my direction, takes his empty chair. Of course it may be my fevered fancy, but at this moment his face appears to me more diabolical than ever. Hell's was before. I think of Miles Standish, and cursed the hour when I admitted my friend to share the secrets of my bosom. Is he telling of my egregious folly? She laughs. Is he witty at my expense then? A few hours ago my greatest chum, and now I hate him with a deadly hatred—at least I think I do.

Hurriedly I run over in my mind my ancestors and my relations, as far as I can remember them, but I do not recollect ever to have heard of any one of them as being insane.

Evelyn is still monopolized by Chalmers. In despair I return to the album. This time the fates are more propitious. Opening in the middle of the book I light on the portrait of Evelyn Bellairs. This sweet mouth is not laughing at any other man's wit. These eyes only look straight into my own.

How long I have been gazing at it I do not know, when I hear the sweetest voice in the world say over my shoulder:

"You are very interested in my album, Mr. Trevor. What are you looking at?"

I spring to my feet, and she moves nearer to the table.

Chalmers has brought her. How I wronged him! With the kindest, pitying smile he meets my eye and turns away.

"At my own portrait!" she exclaims, looking up to me with a smile.

"Do you think," I say in a low voice, "that I should care to look at any other?"

She blushes and looks down. "How can I tell?" she answers.

I am about to utter I know not, what when the voice of the monster is heard through the room, that is to say, he stands about four feet away, and speaks, very thickly, in his ordinary voice, but to me it is a hideous bellow.

"Evelyn," he says, "Lady Burliston wants to hear about Fidele."

With one glance from her blue eyes she goes.

Can she really prefer comparing notes about those wretched little dogs to talking to me? Yet she seems to be very happy with the ancient Lady Burliston. To my thinking "everything in its place" is a very good old saying, and Lady Burliston should have staid at home in her armchair.

But if I cannot talk to Evelyn I can look at her. Once her eyes met mine, and then some one comes in front of her and talks to her. Flesh and blood and broadcloth are, alas, impenetrable.

Here Jenkyns announces dinner, and the ogre suddenly appears before me, saying: "Trevor, will you take Miss Fortescue as well as Mrs. Latimer? Kent was to have taken her in."

Mrs. Latimer is my pet abomination, and the ogre's voice distinctly chuckles as he announces this disagreeable fact. With feelings of ingratitude I move across the room to the simpering, unconscious Mrs. Latimer, a prattling baby of 30. I take her and Miss Fortescue to the dining-room, and, bearing in mind Chalmers' kind prompting, I steer straight to the end of the table. We are just standing in our places, when Miss Fortescue says:

"But surely we are wrong, Mr. Trevor. I am not Lord MacPhoole, and"—looking at my card—"your card is wrong, too."

Then Chalmers was deceiving me, and I am not to sit near her after all! Horror! to be made a fool of in this way. The drops stand cold on my brow. I look savagely round for the traitor, when it suddenly strikes me we are on the right hand side of the table.

Inspired with fresh hope, I say, "I know we are to sit at this end. Suppose we try the other side."

And, true enough, there we find our names.

I see, with a fearful joy, that Jenkyns has put my name at the top, and left Mrs. Latimer and Miss Fortescue to sit together. Calling down blessings innumerable on his powdered head, I take advantage of this arrangement. Thank heaven, I gave him a sovereign the other night, although I owed it my bitterest many times over.

We are only just in time, for here Lord MacPhoole comes in front of his odious jokes as he comes, brings in Evelyn. She gives me a little glance, I fondly hope of pleased surprise, as she sees me next to her.

We are standing, waiting for grace, when that fat monster says, from the other end of the table. "Mr. Trevor, we cannot allow two ladies to sit together. Will you divide them, please?"

Imploringly do I gaze into that stern monster's eyes, weakly do I half reach out my hand toward my name card as a feeble protest in self-defense, but I finally succumb to his inexorable eye, and—Miss Fortescue finds herself next to my goddess.

The dean rushes through grace, but he gives me time to pour my disappointment into Evelyn's eyes, and I almost think she is sorry too.

On the strength of this my drooping spirits revive, and I awake to hear Mrs. Latimer asking for the salt. I pass it hastily, and she seizes the occasion of my head's turned toward her to say:

"I suppose you have heard the latest news?"

"No," I say, indifferently; "social? political?"

"I mean Miss Bellaire's engagement."

"She is not engaged," I cry, not so much contradicting her, as daring her to contradict me.

The man opposite to me stares, recalling me to my senses. Mrs. Latimer goes on in her most aggravatingly babyish manner, "Oh, yes, haven't you heard? to Lord MacPhoole. Isn't it a rather good match?

There is no speech, scarcely any breath left to me! Not the slightest answer do I vouchsafe her, but I turn at once and begin a strict watch. This then is the secret of his staying always by her side. The dreadful jealousy is rampant. Never have I hated a man as I hate MacPhoole.

But I will see for myself. Every look, every expression of hers will I mark. Can she love him, a wind-bag, a red-haired, Radical Scotchman? But no, I comfort myself, after a careful study of his hated face; that would be impossible.

Suppose the ever-to-be-accursed monster has given an unwilling, helpless maiden to him! This is very likely. Wildly do I make plans for rescuing a captive damsel from the foul enchanter. No knight-errant was ever so truly pledged to one service and one mistress as I. None of them ever burned so valiantly against oppression.

I meet a glance from Evelyn's eyes, which, rent by the light of this new idea, says: "Deliver me. My heart burns fiercely with scorn and rage against Duncan Rufus MacPhoole.

And yet perhaps Mrs. Latimer was wrong after all. Reports are always false. But still she always knows every scrap of gossip, and is generally right.

At this moment he is handing Evelyn a menu card. My jealous eyes eagerly look to see their hands linger in the exchange. Yes! Surely he might have loosed the card quite half a second before he did. I scowl with ineffectual rage.

By this time the fish had gone away, and I have not spoken to Miss Fortescue yet. Here she takes the matter into her own hands.

"I have bought a new pug," she says, "and Evelyn is coming to-morrow to see it. Of course you admire pugs?"

How is it every one can read my precious secret so plainly? I have never mentioned it to any one but Chalmers.

Without the slightest hesitation or compunction do I perjure myself by declaring to her, basely and untruly, that I adore pugs, whereas there is nothing I hate so much, except, perhaps, MacPhoole and the monster.

For fully five minutes I talk to her out of pure gratitude.

Then I fancy I hear MacPhoole say, "Trevor;" and he and Evelyn both laugh. I long for the old times when a look, a tone, was provocation enough for a quarrel. Would that my foot were on the neck of the enemy! Gladly would I spring to claim my bride over the reeking bodies of the monster and MacPhoole.

With feverish persistence, I watch every movement of Evelyn's. A flower in the front of her gown becomes loose. She takes it off and lays it on the table. MacPhoole picks it up, plays with it a moment, appears to make one of his sickening jokes on it, and finally sticks it into his buttonhole. How I restrain myself I don't know. I long, I burn, to punish him as he deserves. But some last remaining sparks of sanity keep me in my place. Jealousy has always been my bane, but never have I suffered the agonies I now endure.

"You aren't a bit like yourself to-night, Mr. Trevor," lisps Mrs. Latimer; "you have hardly spoken to me."

I say something. I know not what.

"I thought perhaps you were thinking of some difficult case."

The youngest, the most playful kitten can scratch. I am a briefless barrister! Not that there is the slightest doubt that the briefs will pour in some day, only—the shower has not begun yet.

Having seen her little shaft pierce home, the innocent, babyish thing goes on, much to them's sorrow, to tell about the old chambers you men live in?"

I tell her one of the stories that made Mr. Pickwick's blood run cold, clothed in my most harrowing language, well suited to my gloomy state of mind.

Her sweet-smiling artificial face changes—would change color if it could—as I tell the story, but as I finish she says, with a little shrug: "Those ghastly, creepy stories are rather bad form, aren't they?"

Evelyn and MacPhoole are talking all the time. Why on earth can't he speak to the girl on the other side of him. Doesn't the fellow know that common politeness forbids him to monoplize his hostess? If only I could have kept my place at the end of the table!

The glare of the lights, the rattle, the chatter, my overwhelming rage, despair and jealousy, make me quite sick.

"I think there is going to be a thunderstorm," said Miss Fortesque; "I can see the lightning through the curtain, and, I am ashamed to say, I am afraid of it."

"Why?" I say, moodily. "I shouldn't care if I were killed. Should you?"

"I would rather live than die," she returns, slowly.

Evidently she thinks I am mad. Perhaps I am. I feel like it.

I am consumed with impotent rage. The trammels of polite society bind me down. I may not rush away. I may not poison MacPhoole's wine, or stab him; and either of the last two would be unmixed joy to me. But the very thought of acts so congenial brings comfort to my bloodthirsty soul. I revel in gory dreams. Alas for the days when men won their brides by the shedding of blood! Those were the times to live in. What is man now but a phlegmatic animal, laborious and industrious, according to circumstances? I am out of all patience with my times.

Just as I reach this point there is a loud clap of thunder, followed by a vivid flash of lightning.

Evelyn starts violently, and MacPhoole lays his hand on hers, with which she has clasped the edge of the table.

Mad, unable any longer to contain my jealous rage, I sprang wildly from my chair. How dare he?

It all passes in an instant.

Evelyn draws away her hand. Some one, I believe it is Miss Fostescue, touches my arm. I sink into my seat, blind, choking with passion.

Somehow—I haven't the least idea how—Mrs. Latimer's glass has overturned, and the wine is running all over her gown. Very likely it is my doing. I have enough sense left to offer my services, and Jenkyns rushes to the rescue.

But I have no remorse. I am glad I have spoilt her gown. Why should a woman of her age wear such a babyish frock? With joy I remember having heard that port stains will not wash away.

"I am sorry you are so afraid of thunder," she says, with spiteful sweetness. Her gown is a ruin.

"I am not afraid!" I say, in my very rudest manner.

"You are very cross, though," she retorts, with as pretty a pout as she can manage.

Here I register a solemn vow never again to be one of thirteen at dinner.

I am quite sure there is no spiritual affinity between Mrs. Latimer and me, yet she says at this moment:

"Do you mind our being thirteen?" She looks up into my face in a charming spirit of Christian forgiveness.

"Do you?"

"N-no. They say, don't you know, the first one who gets up will die within a year."

I think to myself I have had enough bad luck to-night to cancel misfortune for many a year.

"I shall not get up first," says Mrs. Latimer; "not that I think there is anything in it; but, don't you know"—she shrugs her shoulders with an infected little laugh—"Miss Bellairs will—be—the first." She says this slowly and looks fixedly into my face.

"Good heavens!" I cry aloud, "is the—"

There is a sudden silence.

I see several people glancing at me and whispering or shaking their heads.

The monster fixed me with his awful eye, holding a gigantic plum half way to his mouth. The dean, disturbed in his dinner, regards me with pious horror. Evelyn's gentle eyes are fixed on me for one moment, startled and reproachful. Why does not the earth open and swallow me?

Like the sound of trickling water in the desert, the voice of Chalmers rises, loud and hearty, addressing the man opposite to him. Every one begins to talk again, and furiously do I execrate my madness.

But excitement and rage have upset the balance of my mind. I lose my common sense. The idea takes possession of me that this night I must give my life for Evelyn's by being the first to rise. At least, the idea gradually assumes this form. It will be a glorious thing to die to save her life. Will she be sorry? Will there be tears in her lovely eyes when she hears of it? Will she weep for me?

But heroes must act, not dream. I fix my gaze on her. At last I see her trying to catch Lady Burliston's eye. The supreme moment has come.

"No! no!" I cry wildly; "let it be me. I will—"

I start up and she rises at the same moment. Every eye is fixed on me in amazement.

Like a flash the absurdity of my behavior appears to me. Ashamed and confused, I rush to open the door.

Mrs. Latimer passes me with a sickly, simpering smile. Miss Fortescue looks straight before her. Last of all comes Evelyn. Breathlessly I fix my eyes on her. The blue eyes give one grave, reproachful look at my flushed face and then she averts her head. Evidently she thinks I am under the influence of wine.

Frantic, stung by such a suspicion, I regain my chair somehow. Savagely, bitterly do I attack MacPhoole on his politics, always a grand vent for one's temper; I dare not touch any more wine; my brain is on fire already.

At last the monster gives us the signal to go into the drawing-room. Ladies! What are ladies to me? There is but one in all the world for me, and another man will sit by her. But I go slowly to the drawing-room door, and from there behold Lord MacPhoole on one side of Evelyn, while Chalmers stands on the other.

I go to the conservatory to cool my maddened brain. There is no light, except when the lightning flashes, and no sound but the rumbling thunder.

Did the contemptuous fates ever toy so with any man before? Æneas, much tossed to and fro by land and see on account of the undying anger of the cruel Juno, never suffered as I do. The pangs of jealousy are sharper than any darts.

Suddenly the drawing-room door is opened and I hear Evelyn's sweet voice singing.

"Naught so stockish, hard and full of rage, but music for the time may change its nature." It calms me for a moment, but jealousy is a horrible curse, a possession. I torment myself with wondering who is turning over the leaves for her. Then they shut the door again.

Once more I ponder on my wretched self, my atrocious folly, my hopeless love. This gloomy train of thought is interrupted by voices in the little room which opens into the conservatory. I shrink into the dark shadow of a huge plant behind the door.

Evelyn and Miss Fortescue come into the conservatory.

"Is this the flower you meant, dear?" says Evelyn, as they come to a standstill before a splendid Erica.

"Yes," Miss Fortescue says. "Do you think I may have this bit to paint?"

"Of course, Mildred; take as much as you can possibly manage.

The flowers are gathered, and then Evelyn says, looking straight into my eyes without knowing it: "What is the matter with Mr. Trevor to-night."

There is a subtle something, almost imperceptible in her voice that makes my heart beat with a foolish joy.

"Poor man!" says Mildred Fortescue, with a little laugh, and she whispers something in Evelyn's ear.

I hold my breath to listen. I strain every power I possess, but in vain, I cannot catch a word.

Evelyn stands silent, looking down for a minute: then she says in a low, soft voice: "How do you know?"

"I can see it."

For some moments, during which I hardly dared venture to breathe, except once when it thunders, there is silence, and then Evelyn speaks again, this time with a sort of shy gladness. "But are you quite sure?"

"Quite. Positive. You must have seen it ages ago, yourself, dear?"

"It's only sheet lightning," says Evelyn, suddenly, "let us open the door and look at it. I love lightning."

I tremble. They are coming nearer. I shrink as far back into the darkness as I may.

With some difficulty they got the door open, for it drags on the floor. I cannot conceive how it is I remain undiscovered, for several times they seem to be looking at me. Then they stand on the doorsteps talking softly to each other, Evelyn's arm is round the other's waist. She looks so lovely, and is so inaccessible that I cannot help but sigh.

"What is that sound?" says Miss Fortescue.

Evelyn assures her it is nothing but distant thunder. "Comparisons are odious." Even in my unenviable state of mind I smile to hear a lover's sigh compared to thunder.

"But you are cold, dear," Evelyn adds; "you are shivering. And I forgot you did not like the lightning. How selfish I am. Let us go in at once."

"Yes, I am very cold," Miss Fortesque admits.

Then they come in, and try to shut the door.

"It is far worse than ever," Evelyn cries, pushing with both hands; "and it has always been a nasty, self-willed thing."

Pull and push as you like, sweet Evelyn, it will not shut, for a cunning stratagem has come into my head. There was a cord hanging down from the window above, and I have thrown it over the handle, and the end I hold in my hand, while a wicked smile adorns my face.

"I think I must leave it," says Evelyn, prettily panting. My heart sinks. All my subtle planning in vain! And my hands are smarting horribly with that vile cord.

"But like very thought will kill the lovers," says Miss Fortescue, with a shiver, "it is gradually shriveling me up."

Heaven bless me! May she never shrivel!

"So it will," says Evelyn, "but you are so cold, dear. Go in and I will try once more, for I hate giving things up, and then I will come."

I almost chuckle.

Evlyn pulls with all her might, I pull with nearly all mine until I hear the drawing-room door close behind Miss Fortescue. Suddenly she feels the door yield to her endeavors and shut with a bang.

Then she sees a man among the dark plants. With a little suppressed scream she moves toward the other door. Forgetful of the fright it must cause her, and everything else but my great love and my fear of losing her, I sprang out and seized her hand.

As she catches sight of my passionate, flushed face, I see distinctly in her eye that she still believes me under the influence of wine. She grows white with terror, trembles and would fall, but that I catch her in my arms.

Dumb with horror, I carry her lifeless form into the little room and lay her in a chair. She is as white as death. Mad I was before, now I am rabid. Her pulse does not beat.

I have killed her, I tell myself, as I chafe her hands. Then I pace wildly to and fro across the room. Why did I not rush from the house, regardless of everything and everybody, rather than sit down with the thirteen?

I dare not summon help. I will go out by the garden way and put an end to my wretched existence in the windy air.

But I must take leave of my lady first. I kneel by her side and take her cold hand in mine. I press my lips to it. Joy! she moves; a faint color comes into her cheeks. My late suicidal intentions all forgotten, I watch breathlessly for more signs of hope. Then the dawn on me that she has only fainted. I have never seen any one faint before. My spirits rise to a height proportionate to the depths where they brooded before.

She opens her eyes and meets mine full of love and joy.

"My darling!" she says, in a faint voice of wonder, not remembering anything; then I know, as surely as though it were passing in my own mind, that the recollection of the past few minutes is coming back to her, and she shrinks away from me.

But the touch of her hand, as I hold it in mine, sends a thrill through me, and gives me new strength.

She trembles, and seems afraid of me, and I do not wonder, if my face expresses all I feel.

"Evelyn," I say, answering her thought, forgetting how strange her name must sound from my lips, "I have not taken too much wine."

"It was only for one moment," she says, slyly blushing, and now she no longer attempts to withdraw her hand.

"Evelyn," I said again, passionately, still kneeling by her side and looking up into her sweet blue eyes—"Evelyn, do you love MacPhoole?"

She smiles, she looks at the floor, the walls, anything, and at last at me. "*Place aux dames*," she says kindly. "I want to ask you a question. What has been the matter with you to-night?"

"I was mad," I say, feeling poor and shame-faced under her clear gaze, "mad with jealousy and love, because, Evelyn, no man ever loved before as I love you." She blushes and frowns; she does not throw away her hand. And I was so mad that I lost all control over my brain, and my head grew full of wild fancies. They told me that when there are thirteen at dinner the first to get up dies within a year, and I brooded and brooded, till I believed it was my sacred privilege to give my life for yours by insisting on being the first to rise."

She gently lays her hand on mine, which still tightly clasps her other. This sweet action so bewilders me that I hardly know how I get through the next words. "And it was not till I had actually got up that I saw what a fool I was."

"Poor——Jack," she murmurs, softly.

"And you don't love MacPhoole?" I ask, hardly knowing what I say.

"Perhaps there is something in it,"——she says, shyly, with the prettiest hesitation in the world, quite disregarding my question, "if—if," here she only whispers, quite close to my ear, "if ever I should become—Evelyn Trevor, Evelyn Bellairs would—be dead, wouldn't she?"

I cannot speak. I rise and kiss her on the lips.

The Gum-Shoe Mystery.

"What makes rubbers wears out so fast nowadays?" was asked of a leather dealer.

"Oh, you needn't wonder at their wearing out. They are made with old rubbers ground up and mixed with a trifle of crude gum."

"How extensively is that carried on?"

"Well, a dealer told me of one manufacturer who last year ground up 10,000 tons of old rubber shoes to make new ones. They pay three to four cents per pound for them. I remember the time when you could get what were then called gums, made on a block in Africa, that would last a much longer than a box of the kinds of to-day. Still you can go to a trustworthy dealer and for $1 get a pair of rubbers that will last a year."

A large number of the factories have been built for the purpose of grinding up old rubbers.

Said to be Good for a Cold.

Hot lemonade, taken just before retiring, is a well known remedy for a cold in its first stages. Everybody, however, is not familiar with the lemon cure for an acute attack of hoarseness. For this purpose, first roast a lemon in the oven, turning it now and then, that all sides may be equally cooked. It should not crack or burst but be soft all through. While the lemon is still very hot, cut a piece from the top, fill it with as much sugar as it will hold and eat on going to bed.

Humor.

MISS DAISY'S PREDICAMENT.

The Big Ulster and the Wrong Pocket Cause Trouble.

Miss Daisy is the fair, fastidious daughter of an important citizen. The amenities of the highest society have lodged her about since she was a child. An education of the strictest kind and an atmosphere of exclusiveness have brought her to a pitch of propriety and decorum that is beautiful to contemplate. Complications forced her to go alone to a store in Union Square. She left her carriage as near the curb as possible, and took the necessary steps to reach the safety of the door with maidenly timidity. This hazardous expedition was undertaken at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

Beguiled by the variety and beauty of new goods, she took no account of the time till she took her leave. Behold, 'twas 6 o'clock. The streets were dusky, and her stupid coachman had mistaken her direction to wait. The very fashionable young maiden was alone in the treacherous bustle of New York life. However, reasoning that lovely young girls who work in shops go safely to their homes at that hour, Miss Daisy buttoned her fashionable ulster with a firm resolve and both hands, and concluded to board a street car that would leave her within a block of her own home. Now the ulster had two large pockets at the sides, one of which was the receptacle for her purse, and our young lady lifted her chin from the recesses long enough to hail a car and climb aboard. One side was crowded and the other very nearly so with home-returning people. Some of them moved up, and, condensing herself into the slimmest sort of dimension, she sung in between two gentlemen. She jammed both hands into her side pockets and contemplated the straw in the vehicle. Of a sudden she felt the hand next a robustly built gentleman gently taken hold of and reassuringly pressed.

Miss Daisy knew she was going to faint. A man's hand in her pocket! She drew back as far as her close quarters admitted and pulled. A caressing retainer was the only answer. Every drop of blue blood in the decorous veins of Miss Daisy froze at the horror of her position. For three blocks she struggled to release her hand from the grasp of that villain. There was a lull in the rattle of the car as some one stopped it to disembark. She turned an appealing glance at her tormentor and in a weak whisper besought him to unhand her. The gentlemen looked down at her with a smile.

"For heaven's sake, sir," she gasped, "you take your hand out of my pocket."

"Why, my dear young lady, take your hand out of my pocket," returned he.

Miss Daisy, aghast with horror, took a despairing survey of the situation. Sure enough, when she let down an arm that had hand into a pocket that of her neighbor's was in such close proximity and so invitingly open that she had plunged deeply into the garment of the stranger, who had accepted the advance as a new lark.

Came Up Through the Furnace-Pipe.

They were raising funds for a new church over at the Fourth Baptist church, last Sunday afternoon, and about the last dollar had been corraled when the preacher walked out into the aisles and lifted up his voice for what the engineer would term the last call.

"Do I hear anything from the delinquent brethren?" he asked, riveting his eyes on a man who was sitting too hard on his purse.

"I give a hundred dollars," came a faint, husky voice from nobody knew where.

"Who is the good brother, please?" asked the parson, tiptoeing over the heavy carpet.

"I give a $100," came the same faint and mysterious voice. Preacher and flock tried to locate the source, but to no avail. Was there a ventriloquist in the congregation? The parson thought there was, for he smiled like a man who had caught hold of the tarred end of a joke.

"Now, once more, brethren," he said with a soft voice, "how much do I hear?"

"One hundred dollars from me," came the strange voice against in the congregation.

"That subscription came up through the register," said an old deacon whose hair was beginning to stand on end. A committee was appointed to visit the basement. They found the janiter—an old colored woman which for the past ten years—sitting with his mouth glued to the furnace pipe and ready to shout his subscription whenever the good parson should speak.

"Do you give $100, Brother Cooper?" asked one of the committee.

"That what I do, sah," answered the old fellow, "and I'se sorry 'cause it's no larger."

There was a chorus of Amens, and the old janitor and his donation were taken up-stairs in triumph.—*Chicago Herald.*

She Knew Which Was What.

Newrich had lately "branched out" and purchased his first team of horses. Neither he nor Mrs. N. was very much up in horse lore, but he talked somewhat grandly to a visitor about his off-horse being a trifle lame, Mrs. N., later, wanting to know what he meant by his "off-horse."

"The right-hand horse of the pair, Sally, as we sit behind them."

"Well, what's the other—the other horse?"

"The near-horse, my dear."

"The near-horse and far—no off—horse. It seems to me they are both near enough to you, John."

"Do you know; but one—the left one—is the near, and the other the off-horse."

"What are they near to or off from, I should like to know?"

"I don't know. Those are horse terms, you know."

"Are you sure the off-horse, as you call him, is the right-hand horse?"

"Pretty sure—I think I'm right."

"Well, it seems to me that, of the two, he being nearest to you when you drive, he ought to be the near-horse, if there's any such term."

"By George! I guess that's it, Sally. I guess he's the near-horse, after all, and the other the off-horse. It seems more likely than the other way."

"I should say so," and Mrs. N. evidently felt herself the superior of Mr. N. in horse lore, on common-sense principles.

A Sad Case.

"What makes you look so solemn?" whispered a fashionable Austin lady to another in church just before the services began. "I've got good reason to be mad," was the response. "What is it?" "I dressed myself up in this new suit I ordered from New York and went to church to show it off." "Well, what of it?" asked the other party. "Our clock was a whole hour fast, and I had to sit and sit in that empty church without anybody to see my new clothes, and they are so becoming to my complexion; there was nobody to see them for a whole hour, and I might just as well have had no clothes on at all; it made me so mad that——" "The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him," was the opening remark of the preacher, and the rest of the conversation was lost to the reporter.

He Knew Too Much.

First girl—"Why, what's the matter, dear. You look so terribly disappointed."

Second girl—"I am afraid George has been engaged ever so many times before, and I thought I was his first and only love."

"Well, how do you know you are not?"

"After he proposed last night, I told him he must never kiss me until we were married, because I didn't think it was proper."

"Yes."

"Well, he kissed me right off, and said I didn't mean a word of it. He knows too much."

Good for Hot-Weather Work.

Hetty Hoskins, of Hartford, Ct.,
Was amazingly proud of her pa.,
Which prize to express,
She held up her dress,
And thus a fine figure did Ht.

Bella Jones, a young lady of Del.,
Of the fashions was not very wel.,
So a handkerchief red
She wrapped round her head,
And this rig to the ball did Miss Bel.
—*Life.*

A Close Student.

Little Dot—"What does Mr. Nicefellow go to your house so often for?"

Little Dick—"He wants to marry Nell."

"Is they engaged?"

"No."

"Did he say he wanted to marry her?"

"No."

"Then how do you know he does?"

"Oh! He acts so like a fool."—*Omaha World.*

A GOOD JOKE.

A Chicago Drummer Makes Very Much of a Mistake.

"There's a pretty good joke on me," said a commercial man who travels for a Chicago house, "and I suppose I may as well tell it as to wait for some of the boys to get hold of it and make it worse than it really is. This spring I was sent to the Far West for the first time, and one day about a month ago found myself in Ogden, U. T. At the railway station I was met by an old friend of mine, who told me that he was to have a little party at his house that night, and that he wanted me to attend.

"'But I haven't anything to wear,' I said. 'I didn't bring anything along with me.'

"'Oh, anything is good enough,' my friend replied; 'you see, we are a pretty plain people out here in the west and don't care much how we dress. The fact is, you don't want to put on any style, for none of the rest of us do, and you'll feel more at home and get along better if you go sort of rough and tumble like in our style.'

"So I promised to go and went to a hotel for supper. After supper I went up to my room to get ready for the party. I was a little puzzled as to how to fix up, but finally came to this conclusion: 'My friend is right,' says I to myself; 'it won't do to try to put on any style. My friend wore a red flannel shirt with no collar, and probably that's the way most of the folks go out here. If I put on that dress-coat I have among my samples and a well-laundered shirt they'll make fun of me. They'll say I am a dude, and I won't get along very well with them, and I'll be ungenteel myself and disgrace my wife.' In Rome do as the Romans do.'

"So I took off my white shirt and my business coat and put on a flannel shirt, with an embroidered front, I happened to have along, and an old corduroy jacket which I wore while packing my sample trunks. I had on no collar and no necktie except a silk handkerchief, which I tied around my neck. Then I put on my overcoat and went down-stairs to meet the man my friend said he would send to conduct me to his house.

"Well, when I reached the scene of festivities I was about the sickest man that ever was in Utah. Instead of the company of rude cowboys and red-shirted miners I had expected to meet I found myself in an assemblage of well dressed ladies and gentlemen. Some of the gentlemen were in full dress, and several of the ladies were in evening attire. All of the gentlemen, it is needless to say, wore white shirts and collars. My arrival created something of a sensation, and I could see that the people had hard work to keep from laughing right before my face and eyes.

"What did I do? Well, what would you expect a Chicago man to do under such circumstances? Run? No, sir. My friend invited me to help myself to his wardrobe, but I proudly refused, and in a few minutes made a little speech to the whole party, in which I told, in as humorous a manner as I could, how I had been misled, and inviting them to call me the Chicago Cowboy. They had a laugh at my expense, dubbed me the Chicago Cowboy and treated me so nicely that I spent a most enjoyable social evening."—*Chicago Herald.*

NEWS FOR THE ASTORS.

What the Arkansas Backwoods People Think of Our Millionaires.

The rural idea of the manner in which the Astors and Vanderbilts live is amusing, and will doubtless be highly flattering to the persons named. A man traveling down in Arkansas heard two old women talking before a cabin door. One of them, with a clay pipe between her lips, said:

"It do beat all how some folkses has ev'rything a martal body could ast fer, while others, like you an' me, Mis Peterby, is poorer'n Job's turkey all the born days of our lives. Now, you've heern tell of them Vanderbilts an' Astors there in New York, ain't you?"

"Duno but I hev," said "Mis Peterby."

"Well, I've lately heern some things 'bout how they carry on. My man he got it straight from Zimri Perkins, an' Zim he got it from his wife's mother's uncle's nevvy, who takes a paper printed in New York, so it must be true."

"I ain't a doubt of it."

"Well, if you'll b'leeve me, old Mis Vanderbilt don't purtend to even wash her own face, but has to make her own bed—her nor Mis Astor neither, and they both sleep in pink velvet night gownds trimmed in lace at a thousand dollars a yard, and emproidered in diamints that cost millions on millions."

"The good land!"

"Yes, sir. An' Mis Astor's bed-stid is solid gold with diamint knobs on it as big as goose eggs, an' ev'ry time she goes out she has twenty coal-black horses hitched to her solid gold charyot, and she stands up in it dressed all in white satin with her hair hangin' down her back, a throwin' $20 gold pieces

Recent Literature.

"English as She is Taught," compiled by Caroline B. LeRowe (Cassell & Co., 739-741 Broadway, New York,) is a work that should bring people to a proper realization of the amount of ignorance with which children are taught. There are examination papers taken from many schools, evolved from many brains, yet are so like in character that all might be the work of one puzzled schoolboy struggling with matters too deep for him. Undoubtely, many of these children have been poorly taught, and poorly taught in the same way, but the trouble lies back of indifferent teachers, and even back of indifferent or ambitious school boards. It rests upon us all as a people. We are too heedless of detail and too ambitious for number, or size, or appearance. We know too little of thoroughness; we demand impossible things; naturally, one of the things we get is the result embodied in "English as She is Taught."

"Henry Ward Beecher; a Sketch of His Career, with analysis of his power as a preacher, lecturer, orator and journalist, and incidents and reminiscences of his life," by Lyman Abbott, D. D., assisted by Rev. S. D. Halliday. It is the many to whom his great name and fame have been but as "voices in the air," who will be instructed and guided to full and complete knowledge of the man by careful perusal of these faithful chronicles of his life and sayings. No humanly compiled and worked edition of the sayings and doings of a nature so peculiarly liable to misunderstanding and misrepresentation as Mr. Beecher's, can clear away all the false estimates formed of him. All the world pronounced him great, but not all the world knows how good he was. As Lyman Abbott writes in the preface to the sketch of Henry Ward Beecher's career, compiled by himself and Rev. S. B. Halliday: "His opalescent nature, his kaleidoscopic moods, his profound intellectual and spiritual insight, his impatience of the mere mechanics and formularities of action, his intensely emotional nature and his utter disregard of his own reputation, made him often an enigma to his friends, and always an easy subject for the misrepresentations of envy, malice and uncharitableness." The book is issued by the American Publishing company, Hartford, Conn.

A book of more than passing interest is the life of Charles Reade, dramatist, novelist and journalist, compiled chiefly from his literary remains by Charles L. Reade and Rev. Compton Reade his literary executors. The frontispiece of the book is a speaking likeness of the novelist, taken from the painting bequeathed by him to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, his American publishers, for whom he justly entertained the highest regard. No one who has ever read "Hard Cash," with its tremendous protest against the abuse of the insane, or is familiar with any of the other works of this distinguished writer, can fail to be absorbed in these records so faithfully compiled by his relatives. They show not only his early surroundings but the influences that led him into literary pursuits. But they go even further than this and show how he worked and under what pressure he hewed out success. Those who imagine that the pathway of a successful novelist is strewn with roses might reach a different conclusion after reading this book. Published by Harper & Bros., New York.

A series of sketches appearing from time to time in the columns of the New York Sunday *Tribune*, in which the struggles and the sorrows of women wage-workers were delineated in a wholly impartial yet sympathetic manner, have challenged widespread attention during the past few months. These photographs from real life, the various characters of which are all registered in case corroboration were required, have been gathered together in book form and published by Roberts Bros., Boston, with the title "Prisoners of Poverty; Women Wage-Workers, Their Trades and Their Lives." The author, Helen Campbell, a lady whose vigorous pen and strong yet womanly character have already secured for her a high place in journalism, has pursued her work with more than ordinary enthusiasm and zeal. She has confined herself to absolute personal knowledge of all she writes, unbiased by sentimental theories and visionary reformers.

"The Romance of a Letter," by Lowell Choate, is a boston story, and yet it is not what one would call a society story. The characters are not professional triflers like those of most society stories; there is no gush about art, blue blood, germans or any kind of fashionable folly. The author has a story to tell, and he tells it. The main interest of the book lies in a letter written by a physician, who, by brooding over a mysterious trouble, has become insane. This letter contains the secret of his life, and he places it in the hands of a young lady to whom his son is attached, and pledges her to secrecy until after his death.—D. Lothrop Co., Boston, Mass.

"Cuore, an Italian School-boy's Journal," by Edmondo DeAmicis. T. Y. Crowell & Co., 13 Astor Place, New York, Publishers. In this delightful volume, so unconventional in form, so fresh and energetic in style, Signor de Amicis has given not only the heart history of an Italian lad, but also a very vivid and attractive picture of modern life in Italy. He is a genuine boy who is supposed to write the story, and all the events, incidents and observations, are seen through a boy's bright young eyes. The descriptions of school experiences, of festivals and public ceremonies, of scenes in city and country, are all full of color and charm, and are inspired by a genuine love for humanity.

"Memories of the Men who Saved the Union," by Donn Piatt, is intensely interesting from cover to cover. It is valuable from the fact that the writer enjoyed much personal acquaintance with the men whom he confidently asserts "saved the Union." They are Thomas, Lincoln, Chase, Seward and Stanton. One wonders why the eye does not meet the portrait of General Grant for the frontispiece. Instead of Grant, the face of that grand old soldier, Thomas, greets the reader.

Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago.

"Artelois, a Romance of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table," by J. Dunbar Hylton. The Hylton Publishing company, Palmyra, N. J. Mr. Hylton publishes his own poem, kindly throws in a picture of himself with his autograph, and embellishes one of the opening pages of the book by a large and beautiful engraving of a New Jersey farm.

From the publishing house of S. C. Griggs & Co., 87 and 89 Wabash avenue, Chicago, is a very cleverly written novel entitled, "Theophus Trent, or Old Times in the Oak Openings," by Benj. F. Taylor. The story is full of interest, a faithful portraiture of characters and scenes in the earlier settlements of the Northwest. The creations are natural and real. The prospective and coloring of the scenes marvelously distinct and vivid. Humor, wit, pathos, and heroism are abundant and most happily blended, and on everything there falls the light of a poetic ideal.

"The Blind Brother," a story of the Pennsylvania coal mines, by Homer Green, will be remembered as the prize story of the *Youth's Companion* in 1886. There is an instructive moral woven into the text, and is sure to interest and benefit the boys. "Dick, the Door Boy," is added as an afterpiece in the book. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

Rev. Stokley S. Fisher has thrown upon the world a little volume of poems entitled "Fannie Fay, and Other Poems." It will, in all probability, please the Rev. gentleman's many friends. F. M. Hawley, Publisher, Wellsville, Ohio.

"Talks About Law," by Edmund A. Dole. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass. Mr. Dole's treatise is not a book of forms for civil officers, nor does it pretend to qualify every man to be his own lawyer. It is an elementary explanation of the growth and administration of our legal system, and the author's purpose is to give the non-professional reader "such general information upon this most interesting and important subject as all intelligent persons are expected to have in regard to other subjects." The book occupies a field hitherto uncovered by the many existing legal publications, and will be found of permanent value to students, lawyers and the general reading public.

"Polygamist Mormons," by Z. F. Bennett, (Laird & Lee, publishers, corner Clark and Adams street, Chicago, Ill.,) is a plain, straightforward description of life among the Mormons. The author was United States deputy marshal, whose duty led him directly in contact with polygamists. It is a true story, stranger than fiction, and bears evidence of correctness. He tells the story of the horrible Mountain Meadow massacre with great dramatic skill; exposes the secrets of the Endowment house, and lays bare the workings of an institution which threatens to be the cause of serious disturbances in the country sooner or later.

"Canning and Preserving," by Mrs. S. T. Rorer. Arnold & Company, publishers, Philadelphia. Mrs. Rorer discusses at length the canning and preserving of fruits and vegetables, with the kindred subjects of marmalades, butters, fruit jellies and syrups, drying and pickling. The recipes are clearly and simply given, while an exhaustive index affords easy reference to every subject.

"Knight Errant," by Edna Lyall, is a novel that breaths a wholesome and bracing air of effort, and written in good English. The description is bright and sympathetic. The Italian atmosphere in which much of the story is cast, is studied closely and the story itself is at once peculiar and pretty. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.

"Daffodils," by A. D. T. Whitney. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass. Mrs. Whitney's book of poems is daintily bound in white, yellow and gold, a representation of the daffodil being embossed and gilded on the white portion of the cover. The poems are musical and pleasing, and some of them are quite strong. Most if not all of them have here tofore appeared in print, in various publications, but admirers of Mrs. Whitney's work will undoubtedly be pleased to secure them in book form.

From D. Lothrop & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass., we have "Prize Selections," selected and arranged by C. W. Moulton. The publishers offer a series of cash prizes to the persons who are able to name the authors of the greatest number of these selections. The quotations are numbered, embracing 525 extracts from popular and obscure sources.

The first part of the sketches of Berlin life, under the title of "The Bucholz Family," met with such a warm reception in this country that the publishers were encouraged to issue part second, which has just been placed on the market. These pleasing, though homely, sketches are by Julius Stinde, and serve to throw a strong side-light on the characteristics of the German middle classes. The subject is a homely one, but is handled with the skill of an artist. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"The Woodlanders," by Thomas Hardy, is melancholy, and its ending is extremely unsatisfactory, but in point of construction and in those side touches which aid to the development of the story, it is almost perfect. His descriptions of nature are always vivid, and are very acceptably worked in the story. Harper Brothers, New York, publishers.

Wm. R. Jenkins, New York, has just issued "Fantine," the first volume of his new edition in French of Victor Hugo's "Les Missrables," which is to be completed in five volumes. The work itself is one of the great books of the century, and readers of French are to be congratulated upon the appearance of this new edition, which from its convenient size renders it much more readable than the cumbrous and costly Paris editions.

"Le Chien du Capitaine," a charmingly amusing story, by Louis Enault, has been added to William R. Jenkins's *Contes Choisis*. The dog hero is both droll and pathetic, and his queer characteristics and affectionate faithfulness are detailed in a very interesting story, as pure and bright as it is clever. Wm. R. Jenkins, publisher, 850 Sixth avenue, N. Y.

A Cloak of Gold Feathers.

At the coronation of King Kalakaua in 1883, writes a correspondent from Honolulu, he wore the royal mantle of Kamehameha I., which is the most superb ensemblems of royalty ever worn by king or kaiser. As may be supposed, it is carefully kept at the palace. It is a semicircular cloak about four feet in length, covering an area of 25 square feet when spread out, and it is made of the small golden-hued feather of the o-o. These feathers, each about the size of a little finger nail, are fastened to a fine network of fiber, made from the bark of the olona, overlaying each other. There are at least 5,000 of these feathers used in the cloak; there are but two taken from each bird, which have to be snared in the dense woods, the feathers pulled out and the bird released. It was a crime to kill them. The birds are by no means abundant, necessarily the value of the cloak is very great and the keeping of it an endless task. The mantle is worn only by the reigning sovereign. There are shorter capes and cloaks worn by alies or chiefs, their length being regulated by the rank of the wearer.

She Envied the Widows.

A party of ladies and gentlemen were gathered around a cosy fireplace in a fashionable home the other evening, when it was suggested that each name his own paramount wish. After the majority had gone through the ordinary wishes of beauty, wealth, power, one of the ladies startled the company by saying, "If some good fairy gave me the power of making a wish that would be absolutely granted, it would be this: That I be born a rich young widow with two children."

"Why?" asked several of those present.

"My society life is a dead failure. I feel that I am going to be an old maid. Every one is even now pointing the finger of pity at me. The trouble is, I won't marry any one who has ever courted me, and those I would have will not have me. If I had been born a rich young widow all this would be changed. I would go where I pleased, do as I pleased, be as independent as a bird, have the whole world at my feet, and, in fact, be serenely happy."

"But why do you want the children?"

"A woman can't be happy without children. She must have something to love, and I can't stand poodles. And, besides this, a widow is more greatly respected with than without children."—*Louisville Post.*

—All sufferers with such chronic ailments as liver disease, dyspepsia, blood diseases, cough, consumption (scrofula of the lungs), and kindred diseases should know that Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is their best friend in such deep affliction. It comes to soothe, alleviate and cure.

A Wife's Superior Judgment.

One well authenticated instance in which the superior judgment of a wife was proved is that of a Southern woman whose husband went wild over the Tennessee coal and iron stock just before the drop in value. The wife had brought her husband a considerable property at their marriage and turned it all over to his care. Her judgment was against the buying of the stock in which he had become interested. She had a fair bank account of her own, and when she found that he was determined to buy the stock at a high price she drew out every dollar she had and sold the stock short. He came home three or four nights afterward with a face as long as the moral law and a disposition to commit suicide. It was quickly changed when his wife showed him a note from her broker announcing the closing of her transactions with a profit double the amount which her husband had lost. For a moment or two he looked as blank as an imbecile, turning over his papers in a dumb, mechanical way, and then a smile spread over his face and his earlier humor returned. The event was fittingly concluded by a midnight supper, while they were chatting with what they had and solemnized by full preparations for a voyage to the Bermudas the following week.

For 6 Cents.

A sample copy of the St. Louis Magazine sent for 6 cents. Its various departments in point of brightness, diversity and timeliness, are far superior to any other American magazine, and we send it and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $1.75. For club of both send money to either BLADE or Magazine. For sample copy of St. Louis Magazine, send to Alex DeMenil, 213 N Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo.

A "Come-Gals" Woman.

In a Western story occurs this description of a certain housekeeper who was without any sort of doubt what the boys would call a "hustler": "She was called a 'Come-gals kind of a woman' by neighbors, partly in ridicule of her enthusiasm, and partly in admiration of her energy. It was told of her that she would get up before light on Monday, 'fly raound,' uncover the fire, hang on the kettle and call up the ladder to the loft—'Come gals! *Dew* start up an' start in! To-day's Monday, to-morrow's Tuesday, 'n' next day's Wednesday, 'n' then comes Thursday, Friday, 'n' Saturday—the hull week gone 'n' nothin' done.'"

—The correct way is to buy goods from the manufacturer when possible. The Elkhart Carriage and Harness Co., of Elkhart, Indiana, have no agents. They make first-class goods, ship anywhere, privilege to examine. See advertisements.

"WILD CAT WALKER."

Thrilling Account of the Adventures of a Maumee Valley Scout—The Real Discoverer of Natural Gas—A Mystery Made Plain in the Light of Recent Events.

The great family of Walkers in the Maumee Valley is now numbered by thousands. Strange, but all the early settler Walkers were related to each other and they were all proud to claim their relationship to one man, "Wild Cat Walker."

"Wild Cat Walker" was for years the mystery of the Maumee. The story of his life has passed into a legend and the legend is remembered only by the very oldest settlers. Even to the last it was never believed. But recent events, wonderful in themselves, have made the story of "Wild Cat" Walker wonderful because it was undoubtedly true.

During the years following the thrilling scenes of the war of 1812, thousands of Ohio pioneers had heard of Leslie Walker, but they knew him only by the name of "Wild Cat Walker." And during the exciting campaign of 1840, when all Ohio rallied to the cry, "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," and log cabins were rolling from town to town, and all the citizens were mad with politics and full of "hard cider," no one paid any attention to the fact that the mysterious disappearance of "Wild Cat Walker" had been mysteriously solved.

The parents of Leslie Walker were pioneers who settled near Marietta. His boyhood was spent in the Ohio valley, and he grew up a fair sample of the boy of that period. "There were giants in the land in those days," and young Walker was a giant as stout as an ox, as brave as a lion. He joined Gen. Harrison's command in 1813, and his parents removed to Maumee. They were killed by the Indians before the close of the war. Young Walker never forgot this murder, and to the last remained an Indian fighter, an Indian hater and an Indian hunter.

Walker's first appearance was at the battle of the Raisin. The Indians marked his gigantic frame and tried in vain to bring him down with their rifles. He fought through that terrible massacre, and when his comrades lay dead or dying he threw himself on the ground beside them. The Indians paid no attention to him at first, supposing that he was dead, but when a small party of scalpers commenced their bloody work he sprang to his feet, knocked three of the red skins down with his fists, and without waiting to see whether they were alive or dead, made his way back to Harrison's command, living for weeks on roots and game found in the woods.

From that hour he was known among the Indians as "The Wild Cat," so impressed were they by his bravery, strength and daring. And to this day miners, speculators, and thousands of others do not know that this is where the word "wild cat" originated as applied to a speculator or driller who goes into new and unknown regions to bore for gas and oil. This name became popular among the army and no matter where Walker was sent as scout he was known as "Wild Cat Walker." And terrible is remembered even when the origin of it was forgotten, and is used to designate a bold speculator, or a well in new territory in the Pennsylvania oil fields.

It was the evening of July 25, 1813. Gen. Harrison's little army, encamped at Ft. Maury, had just driven back Proctor and his blood-thirsty Indians, and Proctor had succeeded in inducing the Indians to rally, and had urged Proctor forward to make another attack upon the fort, almost hidden in the dark forests that skirted the waters of the Maumee.

All the evening a bloodless battle was being fought near where Maumee now stands. Along the Sandusky road in a ravine, hidden from view, the Indians were giving a most realistic sham battle for the sake of drawing the Americans out of the fort. The roar and rattle of musketry, the shrieks of the wounded, the groans of the dying, were imitated in a manner that deceived all but the experienced Indian hunters from the hills of Ohio and Kentucky who were safe behind the walls of the fort. They begged to be allowed to go to the rescue of their supposed comrades from Lower Sandusky. They seemed to be little doubt but that a regiment of Americans, marching to the fort, had been surprised in ambush and that a horrible butchery was going on. The soldiers begged Col. Clay, the commander at the fort, during the absence of Harrison at Fremont, for permission to allow them to assist their comrades in the forests. Permission was denied. Officers high in rank waited upon their commander and warned him that he was making a fatal mistake, and asked to be allowed to make a charge on the Indians for the relief of their comrades. Permission was again refused. They were on the point of mounting when their horse, covered with foam, dashed towards the fort. On it was "Wild Cat Walker."

Dark clouds hung like a pall over the green valley and the dense unbroken forests. The bellowing of distant thunder in the western horizon told of the rapid oncoming of a fierce storm. Even before the black horse and its rider reached the banks of the river the storm broke on the fort and the forests. The rain from heaven stopped the sham-battle, and when "Wild Cat Walker" sent the message into the fort exposing the strategy of the Indians a few shots from the fort scattered the allies through the forests. A fierce vengeance had been prevented by the firmness of Gen. Clay, the opportune arrival of the storm and the welcome intelligence that the battle was only a sham.

This was the last time an attack was ever made on Ft. Meigs, the British and Indians being satisfied that the fort was defended by gods and giants.

Leslie Walker had orders to return to Fremont that night. The black horse and its rider plunged out into the darkness and the rain. Through the forests of which is now Wood county, swarming with Indians, he rode. He was compelled to make a wide detour, and about midnight reached the southern line of the county.

Suddenly the Indian yell arose. Shots were fired, but Walker escaped uninjured through the midnight rain and darkness. Then there was a wild ride for life. Mile after mile the Indians pursued Walker through the thickets, over fallen trees from forests centuries old. Shots were exchanged between Walker and the Indians, and although the "Wild Cat" escaped uninjured, several of the Indian ponies were riderless.

Just as his chances of escape from the red-skins seemed to improve, Walker's horse stumbled and fell. Walker went down with him into the mud, and, determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, he raised the old flint-lock musket and fired at the nearest Indian.

But such a strange light startles them all. Surrounding Walker burns a bright fire that lights up the whole forest! The Indians, terrified by the wonderful fire, hurry away from what they suppose to be the Great Spirit, and refuse to revisit a spot which they consider holy ground, for fear of being burned by the sacred fire. But everywhere they go they tell the story of "Wild Cat Walker's" wonderful shot, and how the Great Spirit snatched him out of their hands. From that time the scout was the possessor, in the popular estimation of the Indians, of a charmed life, and they refused to fight against him. He made his escape the next day through the trackless forests of Wood county to Fremont, on account of his deliverance from the Indians was not generally believed, but the report spread, and "Wild Cat Walker" found fame suddenly thrust upon him.

Walker served as scout under Harrison, and no one ever discovered the reason of the wonderful light that saved his life. He fought like a lion at the battle of the Thames, and even when the power of the Indians was completely broken and the treaty of peace signed, Walker kept up the war. Through Michigan, Ohio, Indiana and Wisconsin he traveled with his faithful musket in his hand, it was a war of extermination with him. The Indians seldom would offer any resistance to "the Wild Cat," and whenever they did they were compelled to sue for peace. Harrison reposed implicit confidence in Walker, and the famous scout rendered such important service in the campaigns against the Indians that Harrison presented him a handsome gold medal as a reward for his courage and bravery.

After his crusade against the Indians was over, in the deepest recesses of a Wood county forest, where the jungle was so dense that hunters turned aside, where even prospectors and land speculators refused to enter, in the darkest depths of the famous Black Swamp, there "Wild Cat Walker" built a log hut and lived with his trusty musket his sole companion. Rumors that a wild man inhabited the forest sometimes reached the ears of the citizens of Toledo, Fremont or Sandusky, but little attention was paid to these accounts for the "Wild Cat" had passed completely out of memory.

In the hut of this Indian hunter, the first to discover natural gas on the American continent and the first to use it, a small tank had been constructed and the gas was piped from out the swamp through small tubes formed by removing the pith of the elder. By means of this gas fire he cooked the game and fish and heated his dwelling in the winter time. It was natural gas that saved his life, and he spent his last days beside the wells which had served him so well, and frightened the Indian pursuers away after that wild and terrible chase through the forests. For it was the discharge of his gun and the setting on fire of a hidden flow of gas that saved his life on the night of July 25, 1813.

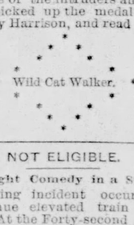
"Wild Cat Walker" seems to have been actuated by the desire to live and die alone in the forest, far from civilization, but beside these burning springs. Like the Fire worshippers centuries before, he built a shrine and honored the mighty force hidden beneath the surface of the earth. Like the priests of Zoroaster he loved to watch the bright flames burn year after year, sacred fires on the altar. Like the Parsees of India, the sight of the blaze must have filled him with wonder and awe. But he never dreamed of the factories with whirling shafts and busy spindles, of the furnaces with their thousands of tons of iron, of the glass works filled with loads of shining sand, all to be set in motion by the mighty force that he had discovered.

Harrison's wonderful campaign had closed. The hero of Tippecanoe, Ft. Meigs and The Thames had been entrusted with the highest office within the gift of the American people. The joy of the pioneers knew no bounds, and on every hill blazing bonfires burned in honor of the brave soldier and true patriot. On the very night that the signal fires announced the election of Gen. Harrison, three speculators met in a log cabin in Wood county in search of land. They became lost in the Black swamp, and the farther they traveled the deeper they plunged into the jungle. Over fallen trees, through morasses undisturbed apparently for centuries, over treacherous bogs threatening to sink them and bury them forever, over hills covered with underbrush so dense that the foliage formed almost a salem wall, they went. At last they reached a hut.

There was something so wierd, so ghastly, so ghoulish about the appearance that they hesitated before entering. But they were men used to strange scenes, and the terrors of Western forests could not move them. The door creaked on its hinges and when the weary travelers entered there burst upon their sight something that banished sleep from their eyes for the rest of the night.

Close beside a bright, blue blaze, that must have been lighted years before, was the skeleton of one who must have been a giant. The blaze from the still burning gas fire threw a brilliant light over the whitening bones that rested upon the dark floor. Natural gas saved Walker from the red men only to cause his death long years after, for scattered around him were the fragments of his old flint-lock musket. The natural gas fires had caused the explosion of the gun and the death of the pioneer and scout.

Something glittering attracted the attention of one of the intruders and, bending down, he picked up the medal presented the scout by Harrison, and read



NOT ELIGIBLE.

Genteel Light Comedy in a Street Car.

An amusing incident occurred on a Sixth avenue elevated train yesterday morning. At the Forty-second street station a richly dressed young woman boarded a South Ferry train. She was accompanied by a nurse and a golden-haired girl aged about 4 years. When the engine came up to the station the girl became frightened and screamed and kicked lustily. The car was crowded, but the mother got a seat near the door and next to a handsome brown-bearded man, who looked like a prosperous broker. The broker stood the baby's squalling until the train got to Twenty-third street, when he decided to take some stock in the child, and he pulled out a big gold watch and showed it to her.

The bright metal had the desired effect, and the bright smiles soon dried up the tears in the pretty blue eyes. Having had such a good return from his first overture, the broker decided to go further, and he soon had the little girl on his knee and was telling her all sorts of stories about good little boys and girls and big, bad men. The scene attracted the attention of everybody in the car, and the little girl's silvery laugh drew a ready echo from the older people. At Park place the broker told his little friend that he must leave her, and after getting a loud little kiss he started for the door.

Among the most interested spectators were two well-dressed young ladies who sat opposite the broker, decked out in the latest spring finery. They had several little consultations behind their long-pocket books, and after each little confab they laughed heartily. Next to them sat a gouty, gray-haired gentleman, who was absorbed in his paper, and who had kept the only straight face in the car during the recital of the nursery yarns. Just as the broker reached the door one of the young ladies arose and said to him:

"I beg pardon, sir, but we have just made a little wager? Will you please tell us if you are a married man or a bachelor?"

The question rather took the broker off his feet, and he looked at his fair questioner for an instant and, raising his shining hat, said: "I am a bachelor, but not eligible."

The titter which followed the answer broke into a loud laugh when the old, gouty gentleman screwed himself further down into his seat, crumpled his newspaper and blurted out: "He is a a liar! He has three children at home, and I know them."—*New York World.*

Bricks Without Straw.

How many traditional renderings, or understandings, of a Bible statement are accepted without questioning or examining from generation to generation, even among intelligent Bible students! A marked illustration of this has been given in connection with a recent lesson on the Israelites in Egypt, under the taskmasters of Pharoah. On every side the statement was repeated, in the pulpit, in the teachers' meeting, in the superintendent's desk, in the class, and in the home, that the Israelites were "compelled to make bricks without straw." Yet there is no justification of that traditional statement in the Bible narrative. On the contrary, it is there declared that while the Israelites were refused their needful supply o' straw for their brickmaking, they were commanded to "go and gather straw for themselves," and that no bricks were to be accepted without the straw. "So the people," it is said, "were scattered abroad throughout the land of Egypt to gather stubble instead of straw." And this is another way of saying that the people had to cut the refuse straw from the grain fields, instead of having the straw furnished to them ready cut. It is true that many bricks were made without the straw; but the Bible does not say that any bricks of that sort were ever made by the Israelites under Pharaoh's taskmasters. How true it is that a great many religionists since the days of the Pharisees have made the word of God of none effect through tradition!—*Philadelphia Sunday School Times.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Buy a Whistle.

It is absolutely necessary that many women should be abroad after nightfall, and in some cases after night. It is absolutely impossible for the police to constantly watch every street and alley, and protect every woman from insult and assault. It is essential, therefore, that women should have some means of protecting themselves when they are abroad after dark without escorts. Bearing on this point a Cleveland gentleman offers the following suggestions:

1—Let every woman buy a whistle, to be worn like a watch.

2—When walking after dark on lonely streets, hold the whistle in your hand ready for use.

3—If any person approaches you from behind or in front, step at once over to the other side of the street, at the same time blow the whistle. Any movements, and whenever he tries in the least to follow you, blow the whistle several times as shrill as possible, and then call loudly for "help," "police," etc.

These are very sensible suggestions indeed, and we need only add thereto that the whistle should be large and shrill, so as to carry the sound as far as possible. If it were known that women generally carried them, the blowing of one would bring a dozen men to the rescue at any time of night, and would deter "mashers" and ruffians from following and accosting women.

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A reliable home cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, [illegible]odus, Conn.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

CIRCUS DAY! It is more years than the Salad-mixer likes to think of, since those magic words sent a thrill through every fiber of his being, and caused his boyish heart to bound with exultation. Circus Day was then the culmination of the joys of existence, and the perfect flower of the bright summer. From the day that the gorgeous, many-colored posters first blossomed out on fence and wall, life had but one purpose, existence but one aim—to collect money enough to celebrate the gala-day in befitting style. True, the paternal pocket could always be depended on to furnish the price of a ticket of admission; but the writer was always thrown back upon his own resources to compass admission to the side shows, to get a ticket for the concert, and to furnish the proper concomitants of the occasion—for what is a circus without unlimited peanuts and plenteous colored lemonade?

If there is anything of his boyhood that the writer would gladly have retained through life, it is, that keen appreciation of pleasure which is the heritage of adolescence. It would be well worth one's while to again become the patron of the circus, could he take the same deep delight, the same delicious pleasure, in the music, and the gaudy trappings, and the time worn acts, that he did in childhood's sunny hours. The menagerie was wonderful, and there was unalloyed fun in feeding ginger-cakes to the elephant until one's whole faith had been established in the mind of that confiding animal, and then giving him one from which the interior had been carefully removed beforehand and the vacancy supplied with fine-cut tobacco and red pepper. It was bliss to stand before the cage of monkeys, when those petrified quadrumana were actively engaged in displaying their antics—and realizing in effect, though not in words, the sentiment of JOSH BILLINGS, that "The monkey is good to look at and wonder what in thunder he'll do next." There was a fearful joy in gazing on the lions, tigers and leopards, and feeling the cold chills creeping down one's back as the thought crossed your mind of what would be the result if the iron bars of the cage were to suddenly fall out. There was pleasure in watching the hyenas restlessly prowling up and down in their cages, and in seeing the bear insanely swing his muzzle from side to side with the regularity of a pendulum, and slowly bring his funny little eyes meanwhile. And the enjoyment derived from gazing on all these animal wonders was entensified by the feeling that behind it all lay the dazzling spectacle soon to begin in the circus tent proper.

THE feats of the arena were the culmination of the day's pleasure. From the moment that the tireless brass band struck up the strains of the march which heralded the grand entree, until the last flip-flap was thrown, the lights put out and the audience dispersing, that tent was a wonderland of enchantment. How intently were the feats of the acrobats watched! How breathlessly was a possible fall and horrible death looked for on the part of the trapeze performer! What a shout split the boyish throat when the ring-master, with all the dignity of a field-marshal of France, called sonorously, "This way, Mr. Merrryman!" and the loosely-vested clown, with his stove-pipe hat on the back of his head, came ambling to the front! What hearty laughs over the jests—veritable chestnuts—which he perpetrated, and over the absurd foolishness of his actions! What a thrill of delight pervaded the boy's frame as Mlle. Balbrigigal, in all the bravery of pink tights and voluminous tarletan skirts, came running gayly into the ring, bowing and smiling, and was assisted to the seat upon the back of her milk-white steed with Chesterfieldan grace on the part of the ring-master! Ah, would we were a boy again, that we might taste again those joys—for to-day a circus is stale, flat and unprofitable. There is nothing about it that can recall the thrill of boyish rapture. Why were we foolish enough to waste the time in attending? It were better to sit at home and read the Evening BLADE.

THE trouble with so many girls is that they do not make life a serious study, and hence do not find out for what they are best fitted. The general impression is that their chief aim in this world is to get married without understanding the responsibilities involved. There are but few people constituted alike. While one will find congenial occupation in her home, another household with system and perfect order, others will have a talent in some other line. They are artists in another part of woman's sphere. But of all branches of women's labor, the care of a household, including the husband, children and house-work, is the most exacting, they will not be neglected without disarranging the machinery and causing unhappiness.

IS IT SO that woman cannot cultivate her taste for books and art without becoming a slattern and a terror to good housekeepers? This belief is prevalent among one-half of the world, and why is it? There must be some ground of truth for the assertion, or it would not be so constantly repeated in one form or another To the mind of the Salad-server the solution is this: The proper attention to a house, including the care of children, will take the full time of a good housekeeper and mother. The demands upon her time and mind are innumerable, and allow no "let-up" upon any of them, or the machinery of a thoroughly conducted household will suffer.

THE habit of slurring or half doing work is the rule and not the exception among many employes. "Inefficient workmen" is the cry every where. Merchants and manufacturers all have the same complaint to make—that it is easy enough to get people who will go through their daily routine work without a thought of responsibility. They do as little actual labor as they can for their employers will not allow, and promptly demand all that was promised for good work. They don't seem to comprehend that work well done for work's sake is a pleasure as well as a satisfaction, and also that good work never done or whatever it be, always means promotion; and it never occurs to them to make an effort to earn the wages they receive.

"If a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well," is a truism that but very few people in this world have had instilled into them from early childhood. If parents could only be made to realize their responsibilities, and how much not only themselves, but the world at large, actually suffer from the lack of just that kind of training, they would revolutionize the world. A little reflection will reveal the lamentable fact that nine-tenths of the people are utterly ignorant of the importance of making the above quotation the daily rule of their lives.

Some Strange Devices.

A unique modern improvement is a stairway which will accommodate children and aged people as kindly as it does those of full physical ability. It is divided into halves, and the middle is broken so that it has double the number of steps as the sides.

The Hanlons possess a wonderful West India secret, for which they paid a large amount. It enables them to stretch an unopened champagne bottle three inches or more without breaking it or injuring the liquor, and then return it to its original size.

The wonderfully well-colored articles of bronze now seen in the market, showing all tints and adhering thoroughly to the metal, are made by a process which is no longer a secret. The method of manufacture lies in the use of solutions of sulphides of antimony and arsenic, which are applied to the iron or brass articles.

M. de Villepigne has devised in Paris an instrument, the autographkometer, which records automatically the topography and difference of level of all places over which it passes. It is carried about on a light vehicle, and those who wish to use it have nothing to do but to drag it, or have it dragged, over the ground of which they desire to obtain a plan.

A Curious Phenomenon.

Manitoba Lake, which lies northwest of Fort Garry, and has given a title to the province formed out of the Red river region, derives its name from a small island, from which, in the stillness of the night, issues a "mysterious noise." On no account will the Ojibways approach or land on this island, supposing it to be the home of the Manitoba, the "speaking God." The cause of this curious sound is the beating of the waves on the "shingle," or large pebbles lining the shores. Along the northen coast of the island is a long, low cliff, of fine grained, compact limestone, which, under the strokes of the hammer, clinks like steel. The waves, beating on the shore at the foot of the cliff, cause the fallen fragments to rub against each other, and give out a sound resembling the chimes of distant church bells. The phenomenon occurs when the gales blow from the north, and then, as the winds subside, low, wailing sounds, like whispering voices, are heard in the air. Travelers assert that the effect is very impressive, and they have been awakened at night under the impression that they were listening to church bells.

Astlima Can Be Cured.

As a proof, a free trial bottle sent to any one. Taft Bros., Rochester, N. Y.

The Camp Fire.

(Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.)

THE VETERAN'S THOUGHTS.

BY H. N. JONES.

'Tis twenty long years and more, my child,
Since the rattle of Sumter's guns,
Defending the walls of the stout old fort,
And the north submit to the south.
Who fancied the quarrel would end in smoke
That the smoke of the end could only be
The smoke of the cannon's mouth.

Oh, nobody thought in that year, my child,
The soldiers a "troublesome class,"
Or reckoned them all a "nuisance" or "bore,"
As some people claim, since peace is restored.
Oh, no, my young friend; it was different then;
They were "noble, true-hearted and brave,"
The "country's right arm," they "would shield
her from harm,"
Or "would sleep in a patriot's grave."

They were petted and praised to the sky, my
child;
They were promised some thousands of
things,
Some ladies wrote verses, and some knitted
them purses,
Sent Testaments, stockings and rings.
Some men, while "regretting that shaky condi-
tions"
Of home or health would forbid them to
roam,"
Kept heaven cram-full of prayerful petitions,
Made money, and sighed, while they hung
around home.

There was nothing too good in the war times
my child,
For the soldier who gave his last breath
That his country might live and his neighbor be
safe,
While he risked a terrible death.
His life was but one; a great country's wealth
Was pledged to his widow's and orphan's re-
lief;
And he died without doubt, and his spirit went
Upborne and sustained by that cherished
belief.

"And has it all happened in that way?" My
child,
Not exactly, I'm sorry to say;
Though, perhaps, on the whole, the country did
As well as it could, to repay.

'Tis the sneer, or cold shoulder that vexes us
now,
Not so much a mere money relief
That we feel that we lack, that we need at our
back,
But a fair recollection! In brief—

"And what is this gratitude mentioned?" My
child,
The meaning of that word has changed
Since it meant to be glad for a favor one had
Not for benefits to be arranged.
It is easy to pension in peril and need,
But harder to pay a just debt;
And while some can remember a generous
deed
It is easier far to forget.

But we're not yet entirely discouraged, my
child,
For while the Grand Army endures,
As we stand hand in hand, we're a power in the
land,
And our union a hearing insures.
Though our ranks have been thinned by the
"armies of time,"
Yet our hearts and our bearing are firm;
While our roster is torn and our losses we
mourn,
Yet we've courage to serve out our term.

Picked Up Along the Line.

Godfrey Jerve, of Jonesville, Fla., has the thanks of the CAMP FIRE editor for verses on "The Dying Soldier."

Piper Post, No. 451, G. A. R., of Pearl Depot, Ill., at a recent meeting passed resolutions censuring Pres. Cleve

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the next issue. The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Value of Old Coins.

F. E. P., Eugene City, Oregon:

Can you give me the address of a dealer in old coins, or can you tell what they are worth?

Strange as it may seem the oldest coins are not the rarest, neither do they command the highest prices. For example, the coin of 1804, said to be the most authentic Greek coin, sells at from $2.50 to $8 at auction, while an American dollar of the date of 1804, in good condition, is valued at $1,000. A collection of Roman coins can be readily and comparatively cheaply acquired, so far as specimens of each epoch is concerned, though a collection of all varieties of Roman coins would be priceless and would be a land for a king. The early colonial issues are in active demand, and the demand for them is brisk, thus the market for them is always active. The dealers in coins pursue the system of buying cheap and selling high, as those from whom they purchase are ignorant of the value of the coins they sell and regard all above its face value a clear gain. A dealer will offer for an Oak-Tree shilling $1, when he can readily find a purchaser for $10 or more of the same for other varieties. A Pine-Tree shilling is rare, and will sell from $10 upwards, while an Oak-Tree shilling same year, 1652, is worth but half as much. A Willow-Tree twopence, for which a dealer coolly offers from $5 to $8, has been sold at auction in New York city for $25.25. This coin was struck in 1664. The Louisana copper coinage of the French royal government of 1722 is quoted at from 50 cents to $5, while what is called the George Clinton cent, struck in New York in 1787, it in good condition, is valued at from $20 to $50. The Vermont cent of the same year, that struck in the die from which the so-called Washington half-dollar was struck selling at from $26 to $30, according to condition. The Kentucky cents are worth from $6 to $8, and for a specimen of the United States coins are of all coins the hardest for one to secure a complete collection. The coinage of 1793 is very rare and sells readily at from $5 to $10, that of 1794 at from $8 to $100, and then not in the best condition. The half-cent of 1796 is rare and sells readily at $15, while the silver quarter of the same date is valued at from $6 to $9. The half-dollar of 1796 is worth from $30, and that of 1797 $25. The cent of 1799 is a bargain at from $6 to $10 and the half-dime of 1802 is rare to excess, a specimen that was bent and badly worn having been sold in 1875 for $5, while one in good order would probably command double that sum. All of the coins of 1804 are rare except the half-cent, which is very common. The dollar, however, is the rarest of all American coins, but eight copies being known. This coin, which has been largely counterfeited, will sell for from $600 to $1,000, according to condition. The half-dollar, of which 156,519 were struck, is extremely rare and is seldom sold. Probably there is no limit to its value beyond a desire of the buyer to acquire it. The cent of 1804 can be bought for $5 and the quarter dollar for $2. The silver quarter of 1823 is also exceedingly rare, a very fine specimen having been sold for $75, though one good enough for a pocket-piece can be had for $25. The quarter of 1827 is one of the rarest of quarters. A very fine proof sold for $105, and ordinary specimens in poor condition bring at $20. The pattern dollar of 1839 is worth $15, and that of 1854 $5. The half-dollar of 1836, with the milled edge, is cut from $5 to $10, and the same is paid for quarters of 1853 with the arrow heads at the side of date. The cent of 1857 is valued at $2, and the nickel cent in 1856 at the same price. The half-cents from 1841 to 1849 are worth from $4 to $8 each, and that of 1852, $25. The dimes are somewhat odd, are unique, as the set of patterns from which was evolved the trade dollar. The six dollars which formed the set sold for $36 when put up at auction at the sale of Col. James Taylor's cabinet in New York. The cent of the Confederate states government, struck in 1861, their own coinage is rare, and will sell readily at from $3 to $5, while a perfect piece of 1861 is very eagerly sought for at $2 each, and the same is true of the two-cent piece of 1873 at $1.

In medals there is not so much competition, though there are many collectors. A coronation medal of Charles II. of England has been sold for 40c., and some that one would naturally suppose to be rare from their age at even lower prices. The strangest thing to coin collectors in the question where the rare coins have gone. Many of the dates now rare were coined in large amounts. The quarter-eagle of 1779 is low unknown to numismatics, yet 480 of them were minted, of which the eagle of 1815, of which 365 were struck, is now valued at $50, and the double-eagle of 1849, of which only patterns were made, is worth $100. A large number of these coins undoubtedly pass through the hands of stewards annually, and will continue in circulation until so badly worn and obliterated as to be worthless to a collector. Bankers, brokers, cashiers, etc., make a very snug sum yearly by watching the coin that may pass through their hands, and exchanging those of rare dates for coins of similar denominations that do not command a premium.

The Salvation Army, etc.

J. W. R., Chalmers, Ind.:

1. Please give me an account as possible of the Salvation Army, their object, methods, etc. 2. To what denomination does the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage belong? 3. Please give the origin of the words "Johnny Bull" and "Uncle Sam," as applied to the English and American governments.

1. The Salvation Army was organized in England a few years ago by Gen. Booth, and now extends all over the world, recruits having been sent to every country. It obtained a great hold in England, principally on account of the noise and confusion it made in the streets and in its public meetings. The members are divided into officers and soldiers, much after the style of the English army. A feature of its so-called worship is the use of tambourines, fifes and large and small drums. They parade the streets, playing and singing, with banners flying, and easily gather large crowds about them. They sing most outrageously the most common variety tunes, and their prayers, to a non-member of the army, seemed more like blasphemy than an appeal to the Creator. The army is largely recruited in England from the lower classes, but has not as yet obtained a very strong foothold in America, and it is doubtful if it ever can, as it appeals to a class of people, of whom, very fortunately, there are comparatively few in this country. 2. Thomas DeWitt Talmage graduated at the New Brunswick, N. J., theological seminary in 1856, and was ordained pastor of the Reformed Dutch church in Belleville, N. J. He was pastor of the Reformed Dutch church in Syracuse, N. Y., from 1859 to 1862, when he was called to the Second Reformed church in Philadelphia; and in 1869 he became pastor of the Central Presbyterian church, in Brooklyn. In 1870 his congregation erected a new church, known as the "Brooklyn Tabernacle," and it was destroyed by fire in 1872. In 1874 a new "Tabernacle" was dedicated, seating 5,000 persons. It is the largest Protestant church in America. 3. Johnny Bull, the nationalnickname for an Englishman, was derived from the name of Dr. John Bull, a famous musical composer in the time of Queen Elizabeth (1533-1603). Traveling *incognito* in Europe, he composed a most forcible and rapid composition, which lead to the remark that the author "must be either the devil or John Bull." The term was unknown previous to that event. Uncle Sam, after the assertion of war with England, in 1812, Elbert Anderson, of New York, then a contractor, visited Troy, where he purchased a large quantity of provisions. The casks used for the articles at that place were Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson. The latter gentleman (universally known as Uncle Sam) generally superintended in person a large number of workmen, who on this occasion were engaged in marking the provisions purchased by the contractor. The casks were marked "E. A.—U. S." Their inspection fell to the lot of a facetious fellow, who, on being asked the meaning of the mark, said he did not know, unless it meant *Elbert Anderson* and *Uncle Sam*, alluding to *Uncle Sam Wilson*. The joke took among the workmen, and passed currently through the country, and in the army, and the term, at present, was often rallied by them on the increasing extent of his possessions. He died in Troy in 1853, at the age of 88 years.

Electric Light—The Suez Canal.

M. J. G. F., Linden, Mich.:

1. Please describe the electric light. 2. Describe the Suez canal.

1. The first inventor of the electric light was Sir Arthur Davy, who in the early part of the century produced the arc light with a battery of 2,000 cells. The mode of producing this light is as follows: When the terminal wires of an electric battery are brought together and then separated slightly an intense, bright light between them results, and this, because of its fervid heat, is called the electric arc. The wires of the battery in the light melt off and drop off in globules, but it was found that hard carbon points on the wires would prevent this, as well as increase the intensity of the light. Davy used pieces of charcoal. Foucault, in his experiments in 1844, used carbon from the retorts of gas works, which is much harder. Foucault's improvement led to the first practical use of the electric light. It was used to illuminate the Place de la Concorde, in Paris. The carbon points, though not destroyed as rapidly as wire, yet of course must waste in the consuming heat of the light. In time the distance between them is increased until the light is interrupted, and they must be brought together again to renew the illumination. In 1876 Jablochkoff, of Russia, invented the first apparatus for moving the points automatically toward each other, a feature which now belongs to several forms of electric lighting. A. Nadar, Jr., made the next improvement leid

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THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1887.

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WHO FOR PRESIDENT?

WHO IS YOUR CHOICE FOR THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEE?

Every Republican Voter is Requested to Send Us a Postal Card Vote.

We ask every reader of the BLADE to take the trouble to send us his views on the Republican Presidential nominee in 1888. Take a postal card and answer upon it the following questions. Use only the numbers in answering:

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2. Who is your second choice?
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We wish every voter who reads the BLADE to have the kindness to send us his postal card as soon as possible, as it will take some time to properly tabulate the returns. We propose doing this by states, as we will thus be enabled to see the drift of sentiment in the different sections of the country, the BLADE having readers in every state and territory in the Union.

Don't fail to give your name, Postoffice and STATE.

Send us your postal card!

THE THIRD MARTYR TO PROHIBITION.

The little city of Jackson, capital of the state of Mississippi, has given the third martyr to the Prohibition cause. The murder of Rev. Dr. HADDOCK, of Sioux City, Ia., and of Dr. NORTHRUP, at Haverhill, Ohio, has been supplemented by the atrocious slaughter of R. D. GAMBRELL, the editor of a newspaper which strongly advocated Prohibition, published in Jackson. Within three weeks two victims of the hatred of the Rum Power have been called to give up their lives as the penalty of daring to oppose its despotic sway.

The murder of Mr. GAMBRELL was an especially atrocious one. The criminal is Col. J. S HAMILTON, lessee of the Mississippi state penitentiary and the leader of the whisky element in the county. GAMBRELL was waylaid while going home on the evening of May 8, and shot to death. While he lay dying, the murderer, with fiendish cruelty, beat him on the head with the butt end of a heavy pistol, fracturing the skull and mutilating the face. Although the occurrence took place after nightfall, there were several persons who witnessed it at a distance, and their testimony was clear and convincing. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of willful murder against HAMILTON as principal, and three others unknown to the jury as abettors.

These are the circumstances, in brief, of one of the most cowardly murders for opinion's sake ever committed on American soil. The murder of LOVEJOY, the abolitionist martyr of Illinois, was not more clearly a sacrifice in behalf of the Eternal Right than the slaughter of GAMBRELL by his cowardly and ferocious antagonist. The killing of HADDOCK, NORTHRUP and GAMBRELL, the triad of Prohibition martyrs, vividly illustrates the desperation of the Rum Power. As the slave-hunting ruffians of the town of Alton pursued LOVEJOY, the advocate of liberty of the negro, so those minions of the saloon pursued GAMBRELL to violent death and fiendish mutilation.

The thinking people of the nation should ponder upon these bloody deeds. There is something more to be considered than the mere narration of actual criminality. They possess a much deeper and more alarming significance. They demonstrate the brutalizing and degrading effects of the liquor traffic. They vividly portray the extent to which the Rum Power is prepared to proceed. And they foreshadow the swift coming of a conflict in our fair, land as unavoidable and irrepressible as was that between freedom and the slave power. And as that ended in the emancipation of the slave and the overthrow of the conspiracy against American freedom, so the conflict now opening will end in the emancipation of the people from the drink curse, and the overthrow of the Rum Power and all its potencies for evil. The shots from the assassins' pistols sound an alarum over the land—a call of duty which cannot be disregarded by any true American. The issue cannot be evaded. Every man will be called upon to take sides; and every true husband and father, every American who is alive to patriotic feeling, must, necessarily array himself on the side of the home against the saloon.

We are to-day but repeating the lessons of history. Down through the ages, every reform, every effort for the uplifting of the race, has been marked by the graves of its pioneers and leaders. The blood of the martyrs has always been the seed of reform. Our nation has too long been blind to the fearful evils of the Rum traffic. Its destructive and demoralizing influences are seen in the ruined homes, pauperized families and shattered wrecks of manhood all around us. But when murder is adopted as one of the methods of the Rum Power to check the movement for its overthrow by legal means, the dangers which it presents become all the more profoundly appreciated by all decent citizens. Assassination will not crush out free thought, nor will it stop free speech.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN expressed the conviction of all the friends of freedom when he remarked that "The United States cannot exist as a nation with one-half slave and the other half free." It was a necessity that liberty should reign everywhere, else slavery would lays its blighting hand upon the whole. The same principle holds today regarding Rum. Either the saloon must go, or it will rule the nation. We believe the final struggle is about beginning. The defiance and insolence of the Rum Power is already culminating in its efforts to suppress free speech, at three widely separated localities, by foul murder. The slave power was never more defiant than in the years immediately preceding the war which caused its overthrow. It seems to us that the insolent confidence and dictatorial superiority of the Rum Power precedes closely a struggle which can only end in the extinction of the traffic; but this struggle, unlike the former, will not be decided by force of arms upon the battle-field. Ballots, not bullets, will be the weapons. It will be fought in the halls of legislation and at the polls. It can not but be that this trinity of murders will rouse the masses, as never before, to the iniquity of the cause which resorts to such means to compass its ends; and when the people of the whole nation are once fully aroused, the end is near. The vast majority will unite with those who, like the BLADE, are laboring with might and main to

Pulverize the Rum Power!

COLORED REPUBLICANS FOR LINCOLN.

There is an extremely strong feeling among the colored Republicans of the South in favor of the nomination of ROBERT T. LINCOLN as the Republican candidate for the Presidency. Several papers conducted in the interest of the colored race have reached us with strong editorial articles favoring his candidacy. There are, no doubt, many Republicans in the North who would be perfectly willing to have him made our standard-bearer in the next conflict, and it may be of interest to recapitulate the reasons assigned by the representatives of the colored Republican voters of the South for their support of LINCOLN. We reproduce from an Atlanta paper published in their interests the following twelve reasons for his nomination:

1. He is undoubtedly the most available man.
2. He is not complicated or embarrassed by any factions or quarrels inside the party.
3. He kept perfectly free from all the entanglements over the removal of the Hon. Chester A. Arthur when collector of customs of New York.
4. He is not involved in the quarrel over the appointment of Judge Robertson as collector of New York, that forced the resignation of United States Senators Conkling and Platt.
5. When this split came, producing the factions in the party, and breaking up Garfield's cabinet, Lincoln was the one and only name upon which the stalwarts and half-breeds could unite as pre-eminently the man to remain in the cabinet.
6. Lincoln was not concerned in the "Mentor treaty."
7. As secretary of War, Lincoln showed himself a man of the very highest ability and executive talent.
8. Lincoln represents the reformatory wing and the purest, highest, and best purposes of the party.
9. Lincoln would command more Democratic votes than any other man. Thousands who now vote the Democratic ticket would vote for Lincoln.
10. Lincoln would block Cleveland's little game to catch the colored vote by the appointment of Matthews and Trotter.
11. Lincoln would give no less offense to the South; and many Southern men would gladly atone for the monumental crime of April, 1865, by voting for him, although they feel they have been unjustly held morally responsible for the infamous assassination; and also because these Southern whites feel if Abraham Lincoln had lived, the process of reconstruction would have been swift, easy, and harmonious, and not marked by the violent course chalked out and pursued by Thad Stevens and others.
12. The colored man is "emotional" and "grateful," and the north would be electrified at the wild enthusiasm the name of Lincoln would kindle among the Southern colored voters, now a little indifferent. It would weld us into a compact phalanx and perfect organization. The Southern Republicans are squarely put on fair notice that colored men want Lincoln; and if they flout our wishes the blame rests on them.

NEWS FROM THE SKY.

Near midnight on August 18 next, a total eclipse of the sun will occur, which of course, is visible only on the side of the globe opposite us. The path of total obscuration crosses Asia and Europe, thus giving excellent opportunities for scientific investigation at observatories already established. The duration of the total obscuration is 3.8 minutes. The United States observers will go to Japan to witness the phenomenon. Probably the most important, in an astronomical sense, of the many interesting problems whose solution will be attempted on this occasion, is the endeavor to settle the question whether our system possesses a planet whose orbit lies within that of Mercury. The weight of evidence in the total eclipse of July, 1878, was in favor of there actually being an intra-mercurial planet, as two eminent astronomers, Prof. SWIFT, at Denver, and Prof WATSON, at a station in Wyoming, both claimed to have seen one such object, and a comparison of the diagrams prepared by each at the time shows that both saw the same body. It is to be hoped that this vexed question, which has been before the astronomical world for the past 20 years, may be definitely settled next August.

THE weekly trade report to the mercantile agencies show not only an enormous increase of trade, but the significant fact that the workings of the Inter-state commerce law are producing a feeling of extraordinary confidence in all the smaller towns of the country. The people of these locations are beginning to see that the operation of the law will correct the disadvantages under which they have labored, the result of years of discrimination by the railways in favor of the cities and all terminal points. When the law first became operative, a tremendous howl went up from persons who have for years enjoyed the advantages which unjust discriminations gave. The BLADE then called attention to the fact that this clamor was only from those deprived of special privileges, and placed upon an equality with the vast mass of people; and also that the residents of the sections benefited by the act had not yet had time to realize the advantages that would accrue to them. The report quoted above show that the latter are beginning to understand its benefits; and we look to hear less abuse of the law and much more in its defense in the near future.

ANY allusion to the issues of the war on the part of Northern men has hitherto excited the unbounded indignation of our Democratic brethren of the North and South, at what they are pleased to call "the waving of the bloody shirt." We respectfully invite their attention to the "bloody shirt" letter of General ROSSER. It is as distinctly the waving of that ensanguined garment as any utterance on the part of any Northern man for the past ten years, and is most emphatically a revival of the war issue for political purposes. General ROSSER wants to go to Congress, hence his howl. Yet we fail to see in any Democratic paper one single word of rebuke. Are we to understand that "waving the bloody shirt" is a crime only when committed by Republicans?

IT is of some interest to the public to learn that the gigantic wall paper pool in this country has at last fallen to pieces. For nine years the largest manufacturers of the country have been pooling their earnings and getting their profits in the way of dividends from a common fund. But all the while other manufacturers outside of the pool have been taking advantage of the large concerns whose hands were tied by pool contracts, and have been selling their goods at competitive rates. The break-up of the pool will have the effect to reduce prices all along the line in the efforts to attract custom.

THE Kentucky Republicans in state convention on the 11th nominated W. O. BRADLEY for governor. The platform condemns the Democratic party; favors federal aid to education; approves the protective tariff; favors national internal improvement of rivers, etc.; condemns the veto by President CLEVELAND of the dependent pensions bill, and expresses sympathy with Ireland. We look to see them "move immediately upon the works" of Gen. BUCKNER.

IF "Constant Reader," of Black River, Mich., had sent us his real name, we should have been happy to correct his crude views on the immigration question. But our rule is inflexible that we will not admit into our columns, nor discuss editorially, an anonymous communication.

AN OBJECT LESSON IN FINANCE—THE PANIC OF 1837.

It is 50 years ago since the terrible panic and wide-spread financial ruin that followed she suspension of specie payments by the Pennsylvania Bank of the United States, which occurred on May 11, 1837. This was the greatest financial calamity that ever visited the United States; and as it was clearly an event that could have been avoided, it may be interesting for the readers of to-day to give a brief outline of the causes leading up to it. The lesson is one worth heeding now that an era of wild speculation in real estate seems setting in, although the expansion of the currency which went before the ruin of 1837 is absent now.

The question of the renewal of the charter of the United States Bank, located in Philadelphia, by the federal government, became a party question in 1832, and continued during JACKSON'S administration, the Democracy, under his lead, being opposed to a renewal. President JACKSON advised the chartering of state banks by the state legislatures, when he was remonstrated with by influential Democrats over his removal of $3,000,000 of government deposits from the United States Bank, and this policy was largely followed. The charter of this institution expired in 1836, and JACKSON vetoed a bill to renew it. In February of that year the legislature of Pennsylvania chartered it as a state bank, under the title of the "Pennsylvania Bank of the United States," with the same capital it had formerly had, viz: $15,000,000. State banks and their branches had become numerous, on account of JACKSON'S unwise advice being generally followed, and as they were all banks of issue, the bank-note circulation of the country reached $160,000,000, with a specie reserve only one-half that amount—an enormous circulation, when it is remembered that the total population of the United States was only about 17,000,000.

The inevitable result followed this enormous increase of the circulating medium. The fever this plethora bred in business circles led to an era of wild speculation. Cotton was the prime staple of this speculative fever. Its price rose from 7 to 8 cents a pound in 1831-32, when the fight over the rechartering of the bank began, to 15 to 18 cents in 1835-36. Of course the price of cotton lands rose also, and that worth only $2 50 to $3 an acre at the commencement of this era was eagerly sought at as high as $50 an acre; and this, be it remembered, for land 20 to 30 miles away from navigable rivers, which were then the only lines of transportation, the railway not having risen to importance. The price of slaves to cultivate cotton also rose to an unheard of figure, and the border slave states sold immense numbers of field hands to the cotton states. This activity in the South increased mercantile trade very largely, and traffic on the Ohio and Mississippi was enormous and very profitable. In New England there was a rage for wild-cat speculations in land, and in Maine timber tracts. In the West, land speculation ran riot in the rich timber lands of Maumee valley in Ohio, and in Indiana and Illinois especially. Money became scarce, and the rate of interest rose to an exorbitant figure.

Meanwhile the ignorance of finance and unwise actions distinguishing the federal government, which was primarily responsible for this inflation, continued. One of the unwise steps was the issue of an order to accept the notes of "good specie-paying banks" instead of gold and silver in payment of customs dues and for public lands, and this largely increased the fever of a speculation based on paper promises to pay. In July, 1836, the government rescinded the former order by issuing the famous "specie circular," directing that nothing but gold and silver would be received at custom-houses and land offices. That year was one of bad cereal crops, and speculation ran wheat up to $2 a bushel and flour to $14 a barrel, leading to much distress among the poor. On March 4, 1837, VAN BUREN was inaugurated President. The constantly augmenting volume of speculation required more money, as is always the case, and as soon as the change in administration occurred, the new President was besieged by delegations of citizens begging for a withdrawal of the specie circular. Especially were the banks alarmed, for their specie reserves were getting lower and lower. VAN BUREN, after due consideration, refused the request.

The end was inevitable. There was not specie enough to redeem the notes of the banks, for these were in volume double their reserves. The New York city banks suspended specie payments on May 10, 1837; the Pennsylvania United States Bank, and the other Philadelphia banks on May 11, and every bank in the country followed suit. Then merchants began to fall, and it seemed that the whole business world was going into bankruptcy in the storm of ruin. The years 1838 and 1839 were filled with struggling and distress, and the latter exceeded either of the two preceding in the number of its failures. By its close, trade was at a standstill, and the nation financially paralyzed. It is interesting to note that a plank declaring in favor of a national bankruptcy law was included in the Whig platform of 1840, and on their triumph they immediately redeemed their promise at the extra session of Congress in 1841. It is said that 70 members of that Congress took advantage of its provisions.

The worst crash was yet to come. The United States bank, during the years of speculation, had been compelled, in order to utilize its capital, to speculate in cotton and invest heavily in bonds of the cotton states. On February 5, 1841, it closed its doors in total bankruptcy. The younger generation will need to be reminded that a suspension of specie payments was not a failure; the bank merely refused to redeem its notes in gold and silver, but would give paper money for them. But the crash in 1841 was a total and irretrievable failure, and its $35,000,000 of stock was worthless. This immense institution, with its enormous capital, had ruled the financial interests of the nation for years, and its wreck created a consternation that we of to-day can hardly conceive. The ruin that followed was appalling. Banks, corporations, firms, and even states followed one after another into bankruptcy, and by the spring of 1842 business was limited to trade in the actual necessaries of life. The losses in banking capital alone in the country, by the crash, are estimated at nearly $60,000,000—the accumulations of the capital of two generations of commerce. This is exclusive of the enormous losses by the bankruptcy of private individuals and firms. The nation slowly began to recover from 1842, but it was not until the war era and following years that the effects of the era of speculation were finally overcome.

THE liquor tax bill has passed the Michigan House of Representatives. It fixes the tax at $500 on retailers, makes the tax a lien on the stock and fixtures of the saloon, and requires bond of not less than $3,000 and not more than $6,000, the sureties to be residents of the town, village or city where the traffic is carried on.

THE Chicago *Inter-Ocean* calls the Democracy the "o. d. p." We beg leave to amend by transposing the letters so as to read "d. o. p." The Democratic is certainly an old party, and the "d." prefixed may be taken to stand for "decelict," or "dogmatic," or "d—d," as the reader may prefer.

THE KENTUCKY IDEA—FREE TRADE, FREE RUM, AND THE SPOILS.

Kentucky is a strong Democratic state, and in the recent elaborate platform adopted by the state convention of her Democracy we should be able to determine the attitude of the national Democracy upon certain important questions. The platform was drawn up by Speaker CARLISLE and Editor WATTERSON, both Democrats of national prominence, and both having served on the platform committee of a Democratic national convention.

Justly assuming, therefore, that the Kentucky resolutions foreshadow the ground that will be taken by the Democrats of the whole country, assembled in convention next year, let us look at this platform and see what the prominent issues are likely to be. The first plank of national interest is one which commends President CLEVELAND for his "integrity and conscientious devotion to duty," which closes with this sentiment:

We particularly applaud the President for the fidelity and courage with which he has protected the treasury from pillage by his exercises of the veto power.

It is natural that a party which represents to-day the venomous rebel element of war times in Kentucky should commend CLEVELAND for refusing his assent to the dependent pensions bill. These Kentuckians are decidedly in favor of making the broken-down and unfortunate veterans of the Union army feel that they committed a crime in taking up arms to save the Union. No one but an ex-rebel and a sympathizer with the lost cause would characterize a measure which aimed to do tardy justice to the men who wore the blue as "pillage of the treasury."

The next important plank favors "honest civil service reform," and defines this object in phrases which, reduced to plain English, mean putting Democrats into every office and opposition to the civil service law, which is called "a bureaucratic system, foreign to the genius of our institutions and people." This is simply the old spoils doctrine. There is no real reason why office should be made the reward of party service. The spoils system is the most dangerous element in our political life, because it encourages and brings into places of public trust men utterly unworthy. Aside from the heads of executive departments, and perhaps the chiefs of certain bureaus, and chiefs of division, there is not a position in the federal service which has the slightest real connection with politics. The duties are clerical, not political. The work done by this vast army of subordinates should be placed upon a purely business basis. Men should be appointed on the sole ground of fitness for the work to be done, and not on account of their politics. When this reform is accomplished, there will be more real economy in the conduct of the government and more efficiency among employes than is possible under the spoils system. We warn our Democratic brethren that civil service reform has come to stay, despite Kentucky.

The money plank comes next. It is vague, and may mean anything that any stump speaker or political orator may wish to make it mean. It declares "the honest money of the constitution good enough for the people as expressed in gold, silver and paper, convertible into coin on demand."

The same plank declares the opposition of the Kentucky Democracy to all "sumptuary laws." Of course it was to be expected that the Democrats of Kentucky would show themselves political slaves of the Rum Power; and the hand of the whisky men of that state of distilleries is plainly to be seen in this utterance, which can only be interpreted as antagonistic to Prohibition.

The most important plank in this precious document is that concerning the tariff, which we quote entire:

We denounce the present war tariff, laid to confuse as well as to harass the people, as a masterpiece of injustice, inequality and false pretense. It has been maintained by a selfish and false theory of protection, which robs the many to enrich a few. It has piled up in the national Treasury a surplus which menaces the prosperity of all classes and every industry. We demand the immediate reduction of this war tariff, not merely as an act of redress to the people promised by all parties, but as the only safe and just method of reducing the surplus; and in making such reduction we demand further that the taxes shall first be abolished or lowered upon the necessities of life; and, finally, we reassert the constitutional and Democratic doctrine that taxes should be levied exclusively for public purposes, and limited to the requirements of the government, economically administered.

We had supposed the time-worn phrase, "war tariff," had been laid on the shelf with other political humbugs; but we were mistaken. Let us call the attention of our Kentucky friends to the fact that, although the war is over, at least half the debt which it entailed upon us remains unpaid. There was, in round numbers, on May 1, according to the official debt statement, $1,368,000,000 still outstanding. If the war tariff is to be considered as created by the necessities of the war, there can be no argument for its discontinuance until the war debt is paid; and as, under the most favorable circumstances, it will take over thirteen years to discharge what remains of it, we submit the proposition that it is unwise to worry about a thing so far ahead.

We wish to remind the people who may be misled by the forcible array of high-sounding denunciatory sentences in the above plank, that it is much easier to make charges than it is to prove them. We believe that even in Kentucky there are a large number of voters not willing to believe the tariff "a masterpiece of injustice, inequality and false pretenses." They know that the protective theory is not "selfish and false," and that it is the secret of the rapid growth and great prosperity which the country has experienced since the war. They know that the reduction of the tariff means a very large addition to the number of idle workmen in the country, a general reduction of wages to all workingmen, and that it would be but the prelude to an era of stagnation in business and general ruin.

If the national Democracy enter on the contest of 1888 on a platform which endorses free trade, opposes civil service reform, takes ground against Prohibition, and announces the party as opposed to doing simple justice to the disabled veterans of the war, the most crushing defeat awaits them at the polls. Yet this is the "Kentucky idea," according to Messrs. CARLISLE and WATTERSON. The gospel of reaction and retrogression will find but few new converts, and will have thousands of backsliders. There is one virtue, however, that we must concede to these two eminent platform-makers. They say what they mean and mean what they say. They announce themselves, though in stilted phrase, as in favor of free trade, free rum and free distribution of the spoils. We can wish the Republicans no better luck than to have the enemy go into the presidential contest under this banner.

THE great strike in Chicago seems to be largely a struggle to change pay-day to Saturday. This effort is no doubt inspired by the saloons. When workmen have Sunday, with its idle time, before them, they are unfortunately liable to spend Saturday night, and often the following day, in dissipation. If the wives and children of the workingmen could decide the matter, pay-day would not be changed, for they know, by sad experience, that the saloon gets a large share of the money that should be used to meet household expenses when wages are paid Saturday evening.

HON. JOHN SHERMAN has accepted an invitation by the Republican members of the Illinois legislature to address that body upon national politics, on June 1. His speech will doubtless be as masterly an effort as was his Nashville oration.

OUR PORTRAIT OF LOGAN.

Our portrait of the lamented LOGAN is finished, and being mailed. It is a splendid work of art, and will be highly prized by those who secure it.

And speaking of our series of portraits of the great generals of the late war, there is one point to which we wish to call attention. These portraits are engraved from photographs taken from life, and were furnished us by the Generals themselves, at our request, as being the view of the face and the expression they desired to be remembered by. Two, Gen. GRANT and Gen. SHERMAN, sat expressly for us, and SHERIDAN and LOGAN sent us those that they preferred.

In a very few years the BLADE portraits of the great Generals will have an increased value from this fact. They are not only works of art, but they are faithful, absolute likenesses.

We send them to any address at 25 cents each, singly, or 65 cents for the four. The four great religious heroes, the two WESLEYS, CALVIN and LUTHER, at the same price, the whole eight for $1.15. Order at once.

A STATE CAMPAIGN OF NATIONAL INTEREST.

There will be a state election in New York next November. The campaign has not yet opened, but it will be a hard-fought one, because of the bearing of the result upon the Presidential campaign next year. The state, outside of New York and Brooklyn, is strongly Republican, but the enormous vote which the Democracy controls in the metropolis renders the result close. The margin in this, the pivotal state, was remarkably narrow in 1884, but it reversed the result of the Presidential campaign in the nation, and seated GROVER CLEVELAND in the executive chair. A change of something like 600 votes in that state would have made BLAINE President.

The New York Republicans are evidently inspired with the determination to give such a good account of themselves this year, that the result of the contest will be to show to their friends throughout the nation that their state is solidly in the Republican ranks. On the other hand, the Democrats feel that it is "a case of woodchuck," and that it is vitally important to their continuance in national supremacy that they shall carry the state both this year and next. All the machine politicians of the Democractic party are vitally interested in this fall's struggle, under the leadership of Gov. HILL, who is believed by some to be a Presidential quantity. And we may be sure that if that bee is in HILL'S bonnet, the dirtiest and vilest methods will be resorted to for victory, as the man whose leadership cannot carry his own state this year is not likely to be made the national standard-bearer next year.

This is not the year for the election of governor in New York. It is the "off-year campaign," the places to be filled being secretary of state, state controller, attorney general, state treasurer, state engineer and a new legislature. While the state offices are not of overwhelming importance, the struggle for a majority of the legislature will be of such general interest as to all out a full vote, and give to the nations some tangible idea of the real drift of public sentiment in the state. The Republicans are solidly united, apparently, and the outcome will be watched with interest.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

It seems thot the jingoism of which Mr. BLAINE was accused by the Democratic press, during the time that he was GARFIELD'S secretary of state, is developing itself in the form of a practical union on the part of Central American states themselves. It will be remembered that Mr. BLAINE was credited with the design to promote the practical union of these small republics, if not into a federation, at least into a zollverein. A treaty has recently been established among these states by a congress which assembled at Guatemala, and a much closer union of material interests has been established. They all bind themselves to respect each other's independence, to prevent the organization of armed expeditions in any one state against any other, to confer equal rights and privileges upon citizens of any state within all the others, and to settle all international disputes by arbitrament instead of resorting to war.

The growth of those states has been something marvelous. Within the past 18 years the total annual value of the imports and exports between Central America and the United States grew from $1,017,689 to $9,078,167—a nine-fold increase. Our trade with Mexico has a little more than doubled itself, that with South America has advanced about 80 per cent. It is also a noteworthy fact, that of this South American trade two-thirds is carried on in American vessels, and it may be interesting to our friends, the enemy, who are lamenting the decadence of American commerce, to cite the fact that no longer ago than 1860 Great Britain's trade with Central America was seven times that of the United States. In 1883 our commerce with those sister republics was equal to that of Great Britain, and in 1885 surpassed it by about half a million dollars.

THERE is much truth in the sarcastic cartoon in last week's *Judge*, representing Mr. BLAINE seated in an easy chair, endeavoring to take life quietly, but made the center of interest to a circle of unclean birds, animals and reptiles, Bourbon, mugwump, etc., who watch every trifling movement, and bark, whine, yelp, hiss and shriek thereat. The picture is a caustic criticism of the constant espionage to which Mr. BLAINE is subjected by his enemies. Nothing shows their fear of him and his possible Presidential candidacy like this constant watching and hostile comment. The press dispatches are full of it.

To-day there comes an Augusta dispatch which declares that Mr. BLAINE has no intention of sailing for Europe; that he is going to make his summer residence at Bar Harbor a center of political work to ascertain the feeling in the Republican ranks regarding his renomination. If he thinks he can receive it, he will go actively to work to secure it. If not, he will seek an election to the United States Senate. All of which may be true, or it may not, but we see no particular reason for believing it.

JUSTICE WOODS, of the United States Supreme court, died at Washington on Saturday. He was an Ohio man, being born at Newark. He graduated at Yale, studied law, and began practice in 1847. In 1857 he went to the lower house of the Ohio General Assembly, serving two terms—four years. In 1861 he entered the army as lieutenant colonel of the 76th Ohio, serving throughout the struggle, coming out with the rank of brigadier general and brevet major general. He was mustered out in Alabama, where he remained. Returning to legal duties and political life, he was chosen a state chancellor for six years, but after serving in this position for two years was appointed circuit judge of the United States for the Fifth district, which office he held while residing in Mobile for a number of years. His promotion to the United States Supreme court took place in 1880.

GEN. PHIL SHERIDAN does not, it seems, intend to make a trip up the Shenandoah valley this summer, and hence ROSSER'S wild will was unnecessary and uncalled for, even from the Confederate point of view. SHERIDAN is quoted as saying:

I visited the valley last summer, in company with Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, and was hospitably received by the people, none of whom exhibited any of the bitterness of feeling that is expressed in Gen. Rosser's letter. I understand Rosser is now living in the valley, and as he intends to become a candidate for Congress, his letter was doubtless written for the effect upon his coming political campaign.

JUSTICE WOODS'S SUCCESSOR.

The vacancy upon the Supreme bench of the United States made by the death of Justice Woods, is causing a wild scramble. The capture of the highest tribunal in the land by the Bourbon reactionists, whose aim is the reverse, as far as possible, the results of the war (except slavery), is their highest aspiration. Hence there is the most intense interest as to the appointment.

There is some talk of getting rid of the shame and scandal of having GARLAND in the cabinet by giving him the place. A more unfit appointment could not be made than this. A man who went into a patent speculation with the intention of using his official position to break down a competing patent through a suit on the part of the United States, brought by his direction, to declare it invalid, is not fit for justice of the peace, not to speak of a seat on the Supreme bench.

The precedent has always been to select an appointee to the Supreme bench from the territory embraced within the circuit for which he is selected. Justice WOODS represented the central and southwestern circuit. Ohio is included in this, and the most fit man in the Democratic ranks today, bar none, is ALLEN G. THURMAN. His appointment would be one that would be one that would be hailed with satisfaction by all honest citizens irrespective of politics. We fear, however, that Judge THURMAN will hardly be selected. It will undoubtedly be some Southern man, and we would wager that he will be an ex-Confederate.

A PREVENTIVE OF DIVORCE.

Judge BENNETT, in the current number of the *Forum*, has a very forcible argument in support of his position that the shortest way to lessen the number of divorces is to put more safeguards about marriage. The suggestions he makes in this direction are worth considering. He would first raise the legal age at which matrimony might be contracted; second, require a previous formal public declaration of intent to marry, so as to give the necessary opportunity for intervention, if this should be deemed advisable; all marriages to be solemnized in the presence of witnesses and a legal record thereof made, attested by said witnesses, and signed by the contracting parties and the clergyman or civil magistrate performing the ceremony; and, lastly, so change the laws regarding marriage that all not contracted in due legal form and on full compliance with all statute provisions should be null and void. He also favors a provision similar to that already existent in Rhode Island and Maine, which gives the right to the immediate friends of the contracting parties to file a caveat, which shall operate to postpone the ceremony until the proper legal tribunal shall decide whether the injunction shall be made perpetual prohibiting the couple from marrying, or that the objections are immaterial. It is certain that the surest method of preventing the vast number of divorces in this country, which is becoming a public scandal, is to throw more legal safeguards in the way of hasty and ill-considered unions.

TO THOSE NOT SUBSCRIBERS WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER OF THE BLADE.

A great many people, who are not subscribers will receive this number of the BLADE. We ask of all such a careful examination, and a just comparison with any other paper printed. And then, if it pleases you, as it will, remit your subscription at once, and secure its weekly visits. $1.00 a year, 30 cents for three onths. You will never regret it.

THE merchants of Detroit are putting the blame for railway exactions where it should rest—on the railroads and not on the inter state commerce law. They proposed to President LEDYARD, of the Michigan Central, that he join in a fair test in the courts of the question whether under the interstate commerce law mileage tickets can be sold to commercial travelers at a less rate than offered to the general public. Mr. LEDYARD promptly refused. The recommendation was then made to the members of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' exchange that they should

Serve their own interests by favoring as largely as possible all roads within our state, which are meeting the matter of mileage tickets in a fair spirit and are not disposed to take technical advantage of the inter-state law.

All of which is proper and right. A committee was also chosen, to urge upon the legislature the enactment of a law to regulate railway charges in the state. Legislative interference is certainly demanded where the railways take advantage of the inter-state law as a pretext to refuse rates that are reasonable and just.

THE Turkish government is evidently in receipt of some news quite alarming in character. All the frontier garrisons are being reinforced and other defences strengthened and the list of recruits for the army are being prepared in advance, which is an unheard-of thing among the easy-going Turks. The Ottoman government duly recognizes the fact that the next general European war will sound the death-knell of Turkish dominion north of the Bosphorus.

ANOTHER circular from General Master Workman POWDERLY has been issued to the Knights of Labor. It is patriotic, and the members of the order will be wise if they follow it to the letter. He advises a general celebration of the next Fourth of July by the Knights under the American national flag, and no other. He also counsels the use on only "peaceful and legitimate means" for correcting grievances and for the righting of existing wrongs in our public-land system.

GOV. HILL, of New York, spoken of as a Democratic candidate for the Presidency, is beyond question a reformer of a variety all his own. At a recent Democratic primary in the fourth ward of Elmira, his own city, 917 votes were cast, the total voting strength of both parties in the ward being but 918. The legislature passed a bill amending the charter of the city so that fraudulent voting at a primary shall be a misdemeanor, but the governor vetoed it.

ON MAY 25, the new law goes into effect in New York, making Saturday a half-holiday. This will release all employes at 12 o'clock on that day, and will also introduce the customary incidents of bank payments and other business forms. This legislation is in the spirit of the English labor laws, one of which makes the week's working stint 56 hours, ten hours being the daily working unit, with a reduction of four hours on Saturday afternoon.

THE two following points from the editorial columns of the *Western Christian Advocate* are worthy the sober thought of the people:

The palaces of brewers are built with the money of the poor. And still the poor repeat the folly of self-robbery. How strange!

We have, in Ohio and Indiana, laws which forbid murder and threaten heavy penalties to murderers, but murders continue in both states. How is it that our great dailies do not perpetually howl, "Laws prohibiting murder do not prohibit?"

THE Louisville *Post* says that if the question were submitted to the popular vote, the cities of Louisville, Covington, and Newport would declare for protection by more than two-thirds majority. And this in spite of the fact that HENRY WATTERSON, the leading newspaper apostle of free trade foolishness, has labored in Louisville for years.

THE Burlington *Hawkeye* propounds the following conundrum: "Of whom are the Democrats most afraid—BLAINE or CLEVELAND?" We give it up. They look for sure defeat if CLEVELAND is nominated, and their fear of BLAINE is shown by the bitterness of their warfare upon him.

WHO SHALL IT BE?

Last week we called for an expression of opinion from the Republican voters of the nation as to who should be the Republican nominee for the Presidency. We have already received several thousand postal cards, from eighteen different states. They make a profoundly interesting study, even now, and show unexpected results in unlooked-for places.

We want a "full vote," and assure our readers there shall be a "fair count." Send in your cards, and ask every *Republican voter* to send his. The more votes there are, the more valuable will be the deductions to be drawn therefrom. Vote—and quickly! We want to tabulate the returns as speedily as possible.

A word of caution: Please read again the form of the questions, answer them *by number only*, and be SURE to give your name, postoffice, and especially your *State*. We are tabulating the returns by states, and have to throw out all cards where the state is not given. About half the postmarks are utterly illegible, and it will not do to trust them.

THE VOLUME OF THE CURRENCY.

It is a fact not generally known, that the total amount of money in circulation in this country, according to the United States Treasurer's report, is much larger than it was a year ago. There is a class of economists among us who constantly fear contraction of the currency, and who think that an increase of the volume is a necessity to increased prosperity. It is certain, however, that more depends on who holds the money than upon its actual total volume. In brisk times it is in general circulation among the people, passing from hand to hand. During a dull period, however, it is piled up in banks, awaiting investment or a demand for its use in moving the crops, etc.

The New York *Tribune* recently published the following article, showing the large increase in the total amount of currency since the beginning of the last fiscal year, July 1, 1886:

There ought to be money enough in circulation, if the Treasury report is correct, to satisfy even the most hungry "more money" men. For the statement just made, compared with the one given by the Director of the Mint in his last report, shows that the amount of paper circulation has increased as follows:

	July 1, 1886.	April 1, 1887
Gold certificates	$ 76,044,375	$ 94,046,015
Silver certificates	34,225,150	31,180,489
Legal tenders	305,620,145	325,521,078
Bank notes	307,665,038	284,585,770
Total	$777,445,783	$836,063,352

The decrease in amount of bank notes outstanding was $23,000,000, while the total increase in legal tenders not held by the treasury has been about $20,000,000. Meanwhile the amount of gold certificates outstanding has increased $18,000,000, and the amount of silver certificates nearly $4,000,000. These statements do not include for either date the amount of fractional paper currency, which is practically of no consequence, and for both dates only the amounts outside of the treasury are included. It will be observed that the statement differs a little from one recently given, showing the increase in circulation from August 1 to April 1. But the amount of coin in circulation, at that time not officially reported, has also increased as follows:

	July 1, 1886.	April 1, 1881.
Gold coin	$ 358,790,428	$ 373,208,462
Stan'd silver	52,469,729	56,969,818
Sub'sidry silv.	46,156,256	48,526,710
Total	$ 457,416,404	$ 478,634,990
Money of all kinds	$1,234,862,187	$1,214,698,342

In comparison with distant years, it should be remembered that the director of the mint arbitrarily reduced the estimate of gold in the country by about $200,000,000 from previous statements by Mr. Burchard. But the statement now made is presumably on the same basis with the one of last December by the official, and it shows an increase of about $21,000,000 in coin actually circulated outside the treasury. In all about $80,000,000 have been added to the circulation during three quarters of the current fiscal year. The increase has been about 6¼ per cent in the nine months, while the increase in population is about three per cent in a year. Assuming that the population has averaged sixty millions for the fiscal year, the amount of money per capita is now $13.93 paper and $7.98 coin, total $21.91; whereas at the beginning of the fiscal year it was $12.96 and $7.62 coin, total $20.58 per capita.

SUNDAY CLOSING IN NEW YORK.

An energetic effort is being made in the city of

A TRUE AMERICAN.

We commend to the perusal of every reader of the BLADE the letter of Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, which will be found in the telegraphic columns. It has the ring of true Americanism. It recalls Bunker Hill and the Declaration of Independence. No wonder the remark is made that it has created "a sensation" among the Anglomaniacs of New York city. These insufferable toadies, whether they be found in the metropolis or elsewhere, need to have the patriotic lesson which Mr. CARNEGIE's letter teaches reiterated in their asinine ears till they grow ashamed of their silly aping of the manners of the English aristocracy, and take a pride in being free American citizens.

It is positively refreshing to read Mr. CARNEGIE's trenchant sentences. Especially to be commended is his remark that he rejects the monarchical idea as insulting to his manhood. "All men are created free and equal," is the ringing declaration of our charter of freedom, the Declaration of Independence. The monarchical, the English, idea is, that one man is born better than another, that this higher position is maintained through life by grace of that birth, and that no talent, no transcendent ability, can atone for its lack or place its possessor upon the level of the born aristocrat. That this idea is creeping in among the plutocrats of the East is certain; but it is a matter of congratulation that Mr. CARNEGIE, one of the wealthiest men in this country, adheres to the distinctively American idea, and is not afraid to publicly defend the principles of a republican form of government.

His remarks to naturalized citizens like himself are also worthy of the highest commendation. A naturalized citizen not only receives certain privileges upon being admitted to citizenship here, but their acceptance carries also certain duties and obligations. While a man may have the kindliest feelings toward his fatherland, he should not put off his allegiance thereto unless he is willing to accept our language, our customs, our mode of life, our institutions, in good faith as his own. It is in the worst possible taste for a man who has renounced his allegiance to the Queen of England to celebrate the jubilee of her reign. She is no more to him than Queen KAPIOLANI of Hawaii. The Irish Orangem en should feel it incumbent upon them to drop Old World jealousies, and abandon the celebration of the battle of the Boyne. We mention these merely as the first illustrations of the principle underlying naturalization which occur to us. The teaching of European languages in the common schools, supported by taxation of the whole people, is a thing indefensible upon any patriotic American grounds. It is a mere truckling of political workers to foreign elements. The language of this country is English, and it should be the only tongue taught in our schools, or recognized by the law. A foreigner coming here, and voluntarily abandoning his own country to accept citizenship in ours, is under a moral obligation to accept our language along with the blessings of freedom and equality.

THE daily predictions of the weather bureau for this week have been conspicuously inaccurate. Showers have been foretold daily, but the weather is perfect. In point of fact, it is a little too fine for the farmers of a very large area. There is a deficiency in the rainfall over most of the entire country east of the Rocky Mountains. This dryness is not confined to the United States, as will be seen from the following, which we clip from the New York *Herald:*

The dryness of the season over this continent apparently extends throughout the tropics into equatorial South America. Captain Gonzalez, of the steamer Ailsa, which arrived here on Monday from Colombian ports, reports but very little rain on the northern coasts of Colombia. From April 10 to 30 there were but four rainy days. Captain Reynolds, of the steamer City of Alexandria, also reports almost continuous fair weather on his recent voyage to Vera Cruz and thence to Havana.

This windlessness within the tropics, despite the fact that the trade winds are usually saturated with vapor, is due immediately to the fact that the period of cyclonic disturbances has not yet arrived. When the tropical cyclones commence, as they usually do by June 1, we may then hope for a larger rainfall over our continent, though we may not have to wait till June.

W. C. MCBRIDE, the all-around political correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, has been talking with a friend in Cincinnati over the Presidential situation. Said he:

"There is nothing on earth to prevent Blaine's nomination if he wants it. I think Blaine will be the Republican candidate. There are 40,000 Irish votes in New York which Blaine can get, and which will not be for any other Republican candidate.

"It all rests with New York as to who will be the next President, and I think Blaine is the best man to carry it."

"But I thought Sherman was regarded as the stronger in New York?"

"That is just where he has no following. Sherman is probably stronger away from home than he ever was before, but he has the odium of treachery. He is not strong at home. He is unable to secure the delegation from his own state. He seems anxious and hopeful. Sherman is a hard liver. He is not so generally supposed, bold. He is anything but a schemer."

AS THE June examinations approach at the Military and Naval academies, the list of vacancies in the two services existing for the graduating classes is very anxiously watched. It is quite certain that there will only be a little more than half enough vacancies in the second lieutenancies before June to accommodate the West Pointers, but the law passed by the last Congress will at least enable all the remainder to be assigned as additional second lieutenants. The naval cadets do not have a similar opportunity, but it is thought that about 20 out of 33 cadets who are ending the course of sea service will find places of some sort open to them in the navy. Sometime in the future, when the fleet has grown into respectable proportions, there may be chances under the law for nearly all the annual graduates from Annapolis.

THERE is a movement on foot to read SAMUEL J. RANDALL out of the Democratic party because he believes in the policy of protection to home industries. JOE BLACKBURN declares that if CARLISLE is again elected speaker he will be compelled to select some one else than RANDALL for the head of the committee on Appropriations. This is but a preliminary to forcing RANDALL out of the party. But it is quite indiscreet for the free traders to be boasting of what they are going to do. Mr. RANDALL has enough followers among the much-diminished ranks of the Democrats in the House to prevent CARLISLE, or any other free trader, from reaching the Speaker's chair; and if the word is to be war, they will have the first blood for themselves, without doubt.

THERE could scarcely be any better evidence of the popularity of the national banking system than the decided progress in the organization of small banks throughout the country, as shown in the recently published statement of the returns of the national banks under the comptroller's last call. This progress has been made in the face of the fact that the banks are compelled to buy government bonds at a high premium preliminary to organization, and that a large number of the old banks have gone out of business because of the necessity of giving up their charters on account of the calling in of the bonds which they held or of buying new bonds.

IT is reported that the new civil service rules, governing promotions in office, are distasteful to the government clerks in Washington, and have caused no little uneasiness among them. Many clerks feel that their places are made very insecure. Those occupying positions that are peculiarly technical argue that having been so long in these places they would rather remain than enter an examination for a higher position with the duties of which they are wholly unfamiliar.

PHARAOH THE OPPRESSOR.

It is a remarkable fact that the results of the latest explorations and discoveries in Biblical lands give most unexpected confirmation of the literal truth of the Scriptural historical narrative. Several months ago the BLADE published an article describing the unrolling of the mummy of RAMESES II., at the Bulaq museum, located at Cairo, Egypt. The May number of the *Century* contains two illustrated articles, the one describing the discovery of the royal tomb, and the other discussing the relations of this king with the history of MOSES, as given in the book of Exodus.

Incredible as it may seem, there is no reasonable doubt of this being the body of that "new king over Egypt, which knew not JOSEPH." (Exodus i, 8.) To the devout mind there is something marvelous in the fact that we, to-day, can gaze upon the actual body of a king who reigned 3,000 years ago, upon the face of the man who saw MOSES when he was a little child. RAMESES was the Pharaoh whose daughter adopted the foundling she discovered floating among the bulrushes by the banks of the Nile. (It is to be observed that the word "Pharaoh" was an Egyptian title, equivalent to our word "king," and not the proper name of an individual). Here are the lips which uttered the severe decrees upon the Israelites in bondage; here is the man in whose presence MOSES and AARON worked wondrous miracles, and whose obduracy brought upon his people the ten plagues, ending with the death of the first-born. We have the wonderfully preserved bodily presence of a man older than the law given upon Sinai, who filled the world with his conquests a thousand years before Rome was founded, and nearly 1,400 years before the birth of the Savior at Bethlehem.

One point upon which there has always existed great confusion has been definitely settled by the discovery of this mummy. By evidence found within the tomb, it is ascertained that RAMESES lived to the age of nearly one hundred years. It follows then, from the periods given in the book of Exodus, that RAMESES's reign covered the entire life of MOSES, from his birth until the exodus; that he was the oppressor of ISRAEL, and met his death in the miraculous overwhelming of himself and his army in the Red Sea.

He was 48 years old at the time Moses went into Midian, where the latter remained, it will be remembered, for 40 years; and hence it will be seen that the conjecture of certain historians, who have heretofore endeavored to reconcile the chronology of the book of Exodus with the statements of profane historians and the testimony of inscriptions yet existing in Egypt, that the exodus took place under MENEPHTHA, the thirteenth son and immediate successor of RAMESES, is erroneous.

The importance of this discovery to the Christian world can hardly be overstated. In a rock-hewn tomb, in a mountain side in the edge of the desert opposite Thebes, were found the body of the great RAMESES, his wife, his father, and other members of the royal family and the high priests. Much new light is shed on Egyptian history and the inspired record, and the absolute truth of the narrative embraced in the first fourteen chapters of the book of Exodus is thus corroborated in a most wonderful manner.

IN THE SOUDAN.

There is every probability that the Egyptian Soudan is to be opened to the commerce of the world. The Soudanese, no content to live without the civilized conveniences they had long enjoyed, are pushing open the doors that the Mahdi closed. The latest tidings is that four envoys from KHALIFA ABDULLAH, the Mahdi's successor, have reached Wady Halfa on the way to Cairo, bearing letters to Queen VICTORIA, the Khedive and the Sultan. It is being realized that the cutting of the Soudan off from the civilized world was a blunder for the Soudanese. Many of the necessities of life have advanced to enormous figures, and some, like cotton cloth, cannot be purchased in the markets at any price.

The Soudanese have recently been making desperate efforts to break the British blockade, and in spite of the vigilance of the blockading force along the Red Sea coast a contraband trade has been carried on between Khartoum, Berber and Jeddah in Arabia. It was announced in January that the proposed rebel advance down the Nile valley had collapsed, owing to the scarcity of supplies. It has for some time been the purpose of Egypt and her British advisers, as soon as the Soudanese appeared to be tired of privations and weary of the interminable dissensions of their dervishes, to encourage the reopening of commerce. The British government has just sent a commissioner to Suakim to see what can be done to reopen the Soudan to civilization and trade. It is certainly gratifying to observe these indications that the influence of the civilized world are again to reach these populous regions.

THE temperance agitation is extending to the antipodes. A temperance alliance is being organized in New Zealand and the W. C. T. U. of that far distant country has just held its second annual convention. It is reported to have been an interesting meeting, largely attended, and the reports from all the branches were most encouraging.

EDUCATION is making much progress among the Cherokees of the Indian Territory. They are replacing, at their own expense, the building of the female seminary recently burned, at a cost of $75,000. Chief BUSHYHEAD takes a very deep interest in the matter, and is pushing the work of reconstruction at a lively rate.

PRES. GARFIELD is often quoted as having been a free trader. He was not. His own words were that he favored "a tariff high enough for our people fairly to compete and keep the national industries alive, but not so high as to enable the manufacturers to combine and monopolize prices and have no competition from abroad."

IF MR. CLEVELAND is really desirous of renomination, he must be intensely annoyed at the practical unanimity with which the leading Democratic newspapers of the country are declaring that, by his letter of acceptance, he is in honor bound not to make the race for a second term.

SEC. ENDICOTT has issued instructions to the effect that in the purchase of supplies for the War department preference shall be given, as far as possible, to American goods. This is an unexpected concession to patriotism for a free trader. They generally prefer foreign-made goods.

JOHN SWINTON is known all over America as the steadfast friend and advocate of the laboring men. He now is savagely attacking HENRY GEORGE, on the ground that the latter has distracted and divided the labor element with his foolish and impracticable land scheme.

A POLITICAL party has been organized in Russia which has for its platform the reducing of the 80,000,000 liberated serfs to slavery again. It is safe to say this party will fail. No civilized nation will ever restore human servitude.

THE United States commercial agency at London, Can., reports that the inter-state law is having a most disastrous effect on the trade of the Dominion. Well, we can stand it if the Canadians can.

THE Cleveland *Leader* traces a parallelism between celibacy and crime as follows:

Last month 342 bachelors and only 187 married men were arrested in this city by the police. Matrimony and morality begin with the same letter.

HEADACHE.

For a long time I was troubled with constipation, and at one time I was confined to my bed for two weeks with malarial fever, which, my physician said, was directly traceable to CONSTIPATION. Finally, after continued urging on my wife's part, I consented to try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and after the first trial I experienced immediate relief, headache and all disappearing. After less than two weeks' use of the Favorite Remedy I considered myself completely cured, and I now enjoy better health than I have had for three years. I earnestly recommend this medicine to any one troubled as I was.—Thos. G. Spence, 164 12th street, South Brooklyn, N. Y. Send 2-cent stamp to Dr. David Kennedy Rondout, N. Y., for illustrated book how to cure Kidney, Liver and Blood disorders. Mention this paper.

DR. D. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY,

Prepared at Rondout, N. Y. Druggists, $1; 6 for $5.

THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE LAW

From the Stand-point of a Business Man —Mr. Wm. H. Maher's Views.

A few nights since I attended a reception given to the receiver of an important but bankrupt railroad system. The legal adviser of the receiver, in response to a toast, said that it had long been the habit in meetings of his profession to drink to the man who made his own will, as their best client; but that this would now be changed to a toast to the inter-state commerce law.

I fancied as I listened to him that it was barely possible railroad men did not look at the law quite so dispassionately as they might if they were outside of its restrictions, and that though it might hamper them and prove a drag on their actions, the average business man wanted to see it honestly and fairly tested before it is condemned.

The railroad business of the country, both in the building of the roads and in the management of them, has been prostituted and polluted with fraud. Many of the roads were conceived in iniquity, built only for the purpose of blackmail and robbery. Lines built to meet the demands of the business of the country have had to divide with lines built only for stock-jobbing purposes. No Claude Duval of a highwayman ever said in plainer terms, with his hand on the throat of his victim, "Stand and deliver!" than have many of these roads said to the older roads, "Divide or be ruined!" And the older man was in the position of the man who said, "I'll be d——d if I will; I'll be d——d if I don't." In either case ruin was inevitable.

A system of morality has grown up among railroad men that should properly be called a system of immorality. Stockholders elected managers to work for the best interests of the company, but these managers began at once to ignore the company entirely, and to work only for their own individual profit. It is no uncommon thing in the history of railroads to see the officers steal the road from the stockholders, but no man loses caste for this among business men or in society. It is a standing joke among the humorists, when all other material fails, to send the man to jail who stole a ham, and send him to Congress who stole a railroad. Perhaps Congress is the appropriate place for such men in more senses than one.

Business men in the centers of trade have been protesting for years against railroad managers assuming the functions of the Deity. Cities have been built up or pulled down at the sweet will or private interests of a manager of freight traffic. Special rates have been given one man which enabled him to underbid or overbid his competitors, and he has thriven while they have had to struggle for a mere existence. The law of "addition, division and silence" was rigidly observed between the general freight agent and those with whom the boodle was divided. The ways of doing this were manifold, but they were effective. And the managers of the road grew rich, as the stockholders grew poor. Is it a wonder that he was soon able to squeeze them out, and take his proper rank as a great railroad magnate?

No city in the West has suffered more from this system of railroad wrecking than has Toledo. She has seen her magnificent grain trade and possibilities of increase turned aside, that a favorite of some railroad might be enriched, and every other house humbled. Because the president of a Toledo railroad happened to live in Detroit, Toledo has seen her grain switched off 47 miles farther to Detroit, at Toledo rates, simply to gratify him. Her principal grain men have had only local rates on grain to Toledo, while a favored firm was given New York rates pro rata to Toledo, the difference being of itself a good profit to the favored firm.

In discrimination in freight from the East she has suffered, as have all cities. He who knew best how to apply the rules of "division and silence" was given rebates and rates that overrode the legitimate laws of business, and made a jobbing house prosperous, as it was an adept in bribery, rather than because of its business ability. Men sought to have officers changed in the hope that justice might have sway with new men, but it is a disgraceful fact that receivers might come and receivers might go, but stealing went on forever. The new men came with the hands of Esau, but the voice was the voice of Jacob unerringly.

When General J. D. Cox was made receiver of the Wabash he found that the first necessary step in the way of reform was the discharge of some of the officers, and this done he demonstrated to the financial world that the road was able to earn and pay interest on its bonds. When Judge Gresham, a few months ago, took it out of the hands of men who were abusing their trust, he turned over with it to Judge Cooley the very men who connived with and enabled Gould receivers to commit the wrongs that the court so vigorously condemned, and Judge Cooley did not hold the office long enough to get started on the work of reform, but in turn handed the trust, general officers and all, over to General McNulta, who has made the reputation for himself of considering that a railroad belongs to the stockholders and not to the salaried general officers.

When a business has become so thoroughly honey-combed with fraud, what could the public do to remedy the wrong? Efforts at amelioration from state legislatures proved abortive, for in some cases the railroad managers owned the state. Protests went forward from city and village against the system of unjust discrimination and the policy of bribery and favoritism, and at last Congress crystallized these complaints into the measure for their redress—the interstate commerce law?

What does the law aim at? What does it propose to do? It aims at the abuse that is so widespread and so damnable of building up one city at the expense of another; of diverting trade at the expense of the public; of discriminating in rates between men who are entitled to the same treatment, and proposes to make it impossible to switch off business from its natural courses.

That the law is faulty cannot be denied, nor was it to be expected otherwise. The abuses of a generation cannot be cured in one session of Congress. But the law is a move in the right direction, and embodies the fact that there are abuses, and that Congress proposes to do something toward correcting them. I am much mistaken in the feeling of the times if we do not see this law improved and made more efficient year by year. And I think state legislatures will grapple with the abuses and render it impossible to do in one state what the larger law prohibits between states. It is a law founded in justice and on the righteous demands of the business interests of the country, and though its enforcement may for awhile produce chaos in railroad management, in that very fact is seen the best evidence of the great need of its provisions. It is time that railroad managers and general agents were held to the same rule of morals that governs the banker and business man. Better that there should be chaos among railroads for awhile than that they should corrupt the country. Let us be patient with the law; our hopes of relief are gone if, this attempt to correct a flagrant abuse is of no avail.

WM. H. MAHER.

The Worst Yet.

A lovely young lady of Ia.
With her fellows got ready to fla.,
But her beau did not come,
And, remaining at home,
She still waits for the scandal to da.
—*Washington Post.*

That isn't hard to do if you turn the crank slowly and feed the machine with care. Cast a weary eye on this:

A farmer came westward from Md.,
And bought eighty acres of prd.,
But the title was bad,
And it took all he had
To fee lawyers; so now he has nd.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

OSWEGO STARCH WORKS,
OSWEGO, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1886.
H. W. JOHNS M'F'G. Co.,
87 Maiden Lane, New York.

Your favor of the 28th ult. is received * * * * We have used H. W. Johns' Asbestos Roofing for nearly twenty-five years, and now have acres of it in use. We like it the best of any we have ever used.
Respectfully yours,
T. KINGSFORD & SON.

☞ Samples and Descriptive Price-Liste free.

OH MY, OH ME, OH MY.

A "Toaster" Who Will be "Toasted" for His "Ghoulish Glee."

COLUMBUS, Ga., May 14.—[Special wire.]—There is one disgusted Congressman in town, and a whole city full of disappointed people. The Chattahoochee River convention had brought together several hundred distinguished gentlemen, among them being Senator Brown and Congressman Crisp, of Georgia.

The party was tendered a banquet at the Hotel Riddle, which was a magnificent affair. Mayor Grimes was the master of ceremonies. The toasts were drank with great enthusiasm until they were interrupted by the toastmaster, who said that Congressman Crisp had a special announcement to make. The Congressman, blushing to the ears, stood up and said:

While we are here enjoying the lavish hospitality of the citizens of Columbus, the news comes to us that in the house of our fathers a child is born; let us all unite in the hope that the mother and baby are well.

The band at once struck up a lively air, and three cheers were given for Mrs. Cleveland, while the health of the baby was drank in sparkling champagne. It was not until to-day that the loyal Columbus adherents of President Cleveland discovered that their toast was in vain and that no heir to the White House has been born.

The Anniston *Hot Blast*, which has just come to hand, shows that the rumor also reached that point. The editor, who is the poet J. R. Randall, says:

"We congratulate the President and his young wife upon the fortunate arrival of a national baby. As soon as the news was received at Anniston and made public the locomotives here celebrated the auspicious event with unusual whistles; the great blast furnaces sent up screams of rejoicings, and their funnels spouted flame, painting the dark back-ground of the sky and hill-side luminously red. The fires on Blue Mountain flared volcanically; and the Indies at the inn expressed their congratulationf in melodious chorus. How would Alabama do for the little one's name?"

WASHINGTON HONORED.

The Southern Society will Commemorate His Deeds.

NEW YORK, May 13.—The southern society at its meeting at Delmonico's last night, discussed plans for the erection of bronze tablets commemorative of the farewell address of Washington to his generals, December 4, 1783, the battle of Harlem Heights, and the inauguration of Washington, April 30, 1789. All of these memorials will be erected on the sites where the respective incidents occurred. And a long list of civic societies, etc., will be invited to participate.

The tablet on the site of Washington's farewell to his generals will be dedicated, Feb. 22, 1888. It was resolved to co-operate with Harlem independence day association in celebrating the next Fourth of July.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

The Standard Oil company will appeal the conspiracy case.

Only four jurors have been secured in the Jake Sharp trial.

Heavy rains have fallen near Helena, Ark. causing much relief.

Heavy rains fell throughout the Rio Grande valley Saturday night.

The President has reappointed Carrie Patton postmistress at Ogallalla, Neb.

Carvalho, Brother & Co., West India merchants, at London, have failed.

The New York base ball club wants to buy a pitcher from Yale, named Stagg.

President Hayes has again been tendered the presidency of the Ohio State University.

The czar and czarina have arrived at Riazan, on their way to the Don Cossacks country.

The strike of the brewers, appointed to begin at noon yesterday in Baltimore, proved a failure.

The New York Assembly has fixed the 23rd inst. for memorial services in honor of Samuel J. Tilden.

Mayor Hewitt called upon Queen Kapiolani, of the Sandwich Islands, this morning at her hotel in New York.

The Czar and Czarina started this morning for Novo Tcherkask, the capital of the Don Cossack's country.

The five men who took the most prominent part in the plot to assassinate the czar on March 13, were executed Monpay.

A dispatch from Bucharest says that Roumania is getting on finely under the superintendence of German officers.

James and Willie Murphy, two youthful readers of dime novels, have been arrested at Eu Claire, Wis., for train wrecking.

Count Herbert Bismarck arrived in Dublin, yesterday. He is the guest of the Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Lieutenant.

Mr. O'Brien was greeted by an immense throng when he arrived in Toronto to-day. A long address of welcome was read.

The Missouri state militia has been disbanded, owing to the failure of the legislature to provide funds for its maintenance.

The general rain that fell throughout Eastern and Central Nebraska Friday has prevented any serious damage to crops from drouth.

The services of the remains of Justice Woods were held in Washington Monday night, and the remains taken to Newark, O., to be interred.

E. C. Physter, member of Congress for Louisville from 1878 to 1882, died in Maysville, Ky., yesterday. He was born in Maysville 65 years ago.

Indianapolis street car drivers refused Sunday to call the names of the streets, as directed by the city ordinance, claiming it to be conductor's work.

Ed Conway, a young man just released from the penitentiary at Columbus, shot and killed Geo. Saul in a Dayton billiard room last night without provocation.

Gen. Boulanger's plan for an experimental mobilization of the French army next October is distrusted at Berlin. If France mobilizes Germany will mobilize also.

The loss caused by the burning of Kersted Peters's wholesale paper house, at Denver, early this morning, was $50,000, which was nearly covered by insurance.

One hundred and forty thousand Austrian soldiers are under arms in Dalmatia, prepared for a campaign. The Montenegrin army is reported ready for action also.

Viscount Cranborne, member of Parliament, and eldest son of Lord Salisbury, was married to-day in London, to Lady Cecily Alice Gore, daughter of the Earl of Arran.

M. Jean Baptiste Joseph Dieudonne Boussingault, a learned chemist and scientific agriculturist, and a member of the Paris Institute, is dead. He was 85 years old.

Arthur P. Seymour, Chicago journalist, died this morning of paralysis of the heart. He was at one time editor of the *Living Church*, and afterwards editor of the Chicago *Sun*.

A German named Hassler has been arrested at Dijon as a spy. He has served in the Prussian army and had in his possession lists of all Alsatians living in the neighborhood.

Clearing house returns last week in 37 American cities, showed a total of $997,870,363; increase, 23.6 per cent. Outside of New York, $338,782,171; increase, 22.8 per cent.

Mr. William O'Brien, now in Canada, has been elected without opposition to the seat in the House of Commons for the Northeast division of Cork, made vacant by the resignation or Edmund Deamy.

Swan Brothers, Wyoming cattle men, have made an assignment. Liabilities, $1,100,000; assets, about $1,500,000. The assignment is in no way connected with the business of the Swan Land and Cattle Co.

It is definitely learned that an effort will be made soon to have William Haight, one of the Frisco express robbers, released from prison, on the ground that the court from which he was sentenced had no jurisdiction.

The Sunday laws were more rigidly enforced yesterday than last Sunday in New York. Saloonkeeper on the New Jersey Side did a flushing business. Thousands of Germans, especially, crowded the ferry boats. At the Hoffman House the bar was draped in black.

Gov. Ross forwarded to-day the death warrant of P. J. O'Donnell, who will be executed at Silver City, N. M., next Friday, the same day that Jasper Thompson will be hung at Sorroco. This will finish the quartette of murderers about which there has been so much public discussion.

The agitation against a Monday pay-day will be tested in St. Louis, first by the workmen of N. K. Fairbanks & Co. The firm declined to pay Saturday, and the men went home without their money. They assert that if the firm persists, they will make the matter an assembly question.

Edward Morris, or the Fairbanks Canning company, of Chicago, cables from Paris that he has concluded a contract for 1,500,000 kilos of canned meat for the French army and 3,000,000 kilos for the navy. This is the largest contract ever made with an American firm by a foreign government.

At the Nebraska penitentiary, Friday last, Andrew Jackson and John Gleason, in for robbery, employed in the foundry, were handling molten iron. Gleason slipped, and some of the metal splashed on Jackson's feet. The latter seized an iron bar and struck Gleason on the head. The entire ladle of molten iron upset, and Gleason fell into it. He was horribly burned, lingered in great agony and died a few hours afterward.

The following is the N. Y. Produce Exchange statement of the visible supply of grain, Saturday, May 14: Total in store and afloat—Wheat, 44,458,102 bushels; decrease, 1,845,572 bushels. Corn, 13,766,160 bushels; decrease, 1,847,826 bushels. Oats, 3,805,630 bushels; decrease, 251,239 bushels. Rye, 325,372 bushels; increase, 2,072 bushels. Barley, 267,069 bushels; decrease, 104,084 bushels.

Democracy and Reform.

The attempt to make reform and the Democracy fellow travelers in paths political recalls to mind the beautiful lines:

There was a young lady of Niger
Went out to ride on a tiger;
They came back from the ride
With the lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the tiger.

To readers of this paper, handsomely illustrated publications will be sent free on application to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn., viz: Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, Proctor Knott's Duluth Speech illustrated, Through Wonderland and Northern Pacific Excursions.

WILL MAKE THEM AT HOME.

NASHVILLE, TENN.,

The most important distributing point of the South, which re-wholesales goods bought in the North, proposes to make hereafter these goods on her own soil.

In the saving of freights alone there is a dividend of ten to twenty per cent. on the stock of any concern that will remove from the North and manufacture its goods in West Nashville. The

Nashville Land Improvement Company,

organized to furnish ample manufacturing facilities, gives land and offers other inducements to substantial concerns wishing to remove from the North.

The manufacturing town of

West Nashville

has a frontage of 2¼ miles on the Cumberland river that is navigable for 400 miles above Nashville, and below Nashville connects with the Ohio and Mississippi rivers.

West Nashville has ample railroad facilities by which it is connected with all the railroad systems of the United States.

Among other industries already located at West Nashville is the

Nashville Iron, Steel and Charcoal Co.,

with a capital stock of $700,000, Gen. Willard Warner, President. This company is erecting two fifty-ton charcoal blast furnaces and charcoal and chemical works, covering the treatment of 80,000 cords of wood annually.

Besides the industries located at West Nashville, we invite the establishment of rolling mills, steel plants, boiler and machine shops, nail and horse-shoe plants, plow and wagon factories, planing mills, cotton and woolen mills, boot and shoe shops and other industries.

West Nashville will be the charcoal-iron center of the South, where labor is cheap and strikes never occur.

The company will have an auction sale of business and residence lots at West Nashville, May 24, 25, 26 and 27. Excursion rates to Nashville have been obtained, special announcement of which will be made in this paper. Manufacturers in the North who have thought of moving South are cordially invited to avail themselves of these low rates to visit Nashville.

Twenty-five per cent. of the proceeds of the sale will be applied in assisting manufacturers locating in West Nashville.

For Circulars, Pamphlets, and other information, address

J. M. REILLY, Secretary,
13, 14 and 15 Cole Building,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

PEOPLE PUBLICLY DISCUSSED.

Thomas A. Edison has returned from his Florida trip much improved in health.

Gen. John C. Fremont and his wife intend a trip West this year to collect material for the biography of Kit Carson.

At a recent type-writing contest in New York, Miss M. C. Grant wrote 334 words in four minutes and forty-two seconds.

John Bright will probably save himself from rejection by retirement from public life at the close of the present parliament.

The President and MRS. Cleveland retire permanently to Oak View this week. They will be out of the public view to some extent.

Philip T. Sherman, son of Gen. Sherman, and a resident at Mexico, arrived in New York every Saturday to visit his father and mother.

Miss Elizabeth Garrett, sister of the President of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, is worth about $18,000,000, and is a very bright and business-like woman.

In New York horseback riding is rapidly growing in popular favor. Never before were so many men and women seen in the saddle in the park and the school ring.

Col. Orville T. Calhoun, of Abbeville, N. C., died suddenly while on his way home from the unveiling of the monument to his celebrated kinsman at Charleston.

"Paddy" Ryan, the slugger, who thought he saw a fortune in the liquor business in San Francisco, has made an assignment. High rent and non-paying customers knocked him out.

At Oak View, otherwise called "Red Top," the President owns 20 acres of land, which cost him $1,000 an acre. The ground is of little value, except as a lawn. Upon the house he has spent nearly $10,000.

Rev. Hugh Pentecost, of Newark, N. J., who is now "in Coventry" with his professional brethren for his advocacy of the Henry George theories, married the daughter of Dr. Gatling, inventor of the revolving gun.

Duluth, Minn., boasts among the names of her citizens the following: Spring, Winter, Summer, Breeze, Rainey, Dewey, Frost and Snow. The climate in and around Duluth is very fickle, it should be understood.

The five beauties par excellence of London "society" this year are the Duchess of Londonderry, Miss Gellibrand and Mme. Marchetta d'Allegri. The last named is an American, whose maiden name was Blanche Roosevelt Tucker.

—Land and Lots for sale. M. E. Woodbury, Land Broker, four miles west of Bowling Green, Ohio.

Publishers' Column.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated everywhere in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If you want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons.—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?
No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?
No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?
No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?
No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instruments that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

The Most Liberal Offer Ever Made.

A Good Watch for an Hour's Work.

Any person—man, woman, boy or girl—who will raise a club of TEN for the WEEKLY BLADE, at its lowest and only price, One Dollar each, will receive a warranted Waterbury Watch, free, by mail.

To secure this valuable premium, the ten names must be sent in at one time, with the price, $10. No other terms will be regarded.

Any one can raise a club of Ten for the WEEKLY BLADE anywhere, in a very little time. It is easy to get subscribers for the BLADE, for everybody ought to have it, and 200,000 families will have it this winter.

Take hold at once and get your watch We will mail them, in every case, the day we receive the club.

We warrant every watch we send. There is no way in which a reliable time-piece can be so easily obtained.

A warranted watch for Ten yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE.

IN THE MATTER OF SEWING MACHINES.

Thousands of the readers of the BLADE will buy a sewing machine this winter. What one will you buy? There are many good ones and many bad ones, some excellent for certain kinds of work, and good for nothing else, and so on. But all of them are sold at a high price, higher than they should be, and in most cases too high for the purse of the average woman.

The cause of these high prices is easily understood. It results from the method of selling. The manufacturer makes a state agent for his machine, who opens an expensive office in a large city, and he must have an enormous salary or large commissions to live at all. The state agent makes district agents, the district agents make county agents, and so between the manufacturer and the farmer's wife there are three commissions or profits, all of which the armer's wife pays. This is why the cheapest machine, sold on that plan, cannot be sold for less than $35.

The BLADE does business in quite another way. The BLADE manufactures the best machine on the market. It is a machine built upon an entirely new principle, and well built. There is no trouble about the quality of the machine. Thousands of them are in use, and they give absolute satisfaction. (Read the two statements in advertisement on 5th page.) Now, this splendid machine, better for work and better in finish, than any now sold, the BLADE now sells for $18, and throws in the WEEKLY BLADE for one year. How can it be done? As easily as falling off a log. The BLADE Company employs no agents, but the machine passes directly from its own factory to the house of the purchaser. There are no agents between us and you, who have to be paid; there are no leeches to take the blood out of you. We want a small profit and get it, and you have all the rest.

Now what we want to say is this. If you want a machine that you may depend upon, and want it at a price that you can afford, send $18 to the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio, and you will receive one as soon as steam can carry it, and you will receive in addition, the BLADE one year. Moreover, if you want one this winter, make your order now. We shall be overrun next month with orders, and you may be delayed.

Remit now, and get your machine in time.

Address all letters to "BLADE," Toledo, Ohio.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

This magnificent steel engraving has sold more than any picture we have published. It is a magnificent work of art, and worthy any home. It is a steel engraving, engraved by John Andrew for the New England Congregational Society, at a cost of $20,000. It is a complete illustration of Bunyan's immortal work, representing 100 of the scenes therein. The picture was originally sold at $1,000, and cannot be bought in art stores to-day for less. We send it to any address securely packed and post-paid for $1.25, or the picture and the BLADE one year for $2.00. It is a splendid work of art and should be in every home.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

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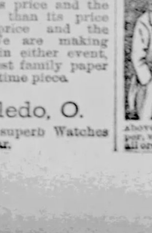

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

[Miss Bouton has been absent for a week or two, and the next number of the "Mistress Emergency" papers did not reach the office in time for this issue of the BLADE. Hence we have taken the opportunity to devote the space it would have occupied to a paper contributed for the occasion.—ED. BLADE.]

FRIENDSHIP IN MARRIAGE—A HOMILY TO BOTH PARTIES.

Wife, be a friend to your husband. Husband, be a friend to your wife. It seems paradoxical, but there can be love without true friendship; and when the glamour of passion has vanished, the couple may be as wide asunder as the poles. If all married couples were friends, there would be fewer life shipwrecks chronicled. This is a matter that should be considered before marriage, not afterward—if engaged couples could be made to look ahead and not pass existence in the fool's paradise they make of the present. There was a remark made in the presence of the writer by a little woman who seemed to understand what she was talking about, that she and her husband were "the best of friends." The assertion was greeted with an exclamation of astonishment at the idea of there being anything but perfect friendship possible within marriage. There is a lack of friendship between man and wife, and lots of it, all the world over. Why is it, and what is the remedy? Are lovesick young people to be reasoned with? It would seem a superfluous question, as there has always been a general belief—among older people—that there is no reason in love. The most of us, were we to tell the truth, will admit that we had more than one experience in that silly, but sweet, love of youth which is not amenable to reason nor ruled by the judgment. As people grow older, they grow out of it, and their love is more certain to be lasting, because founded upon the same basis as friendship.

In order to have a perfect marriage, along with the love, there must be perfect confidence and good fellowship. How are we to come to that state of affairs? From the wedding day there must be no secrets. The past should be as a sealed book, and life begun together with clean pages, to be filled with the confidences of each other. In nine cases out of ten, if a man will make a confidant of his wife in his business and social affairs—treat her as though she were something more to him than a mere drudge or household slave—he will find his reward in (if nothing else) receiving her confidence in return; for "confidence invites confidence."

So many make the cry that their wives steal money from their pockets. The idea that a woman should be driven to such a strait! That in order that she may get what she absolutely requires, she must arise in the dead of night, whilst her liege lord sleeps, and be obliged, like a thief, to take what is hers by right. If there existed perfect friendship between a husband and wife, there would be no necessity for such a proceeding, for he would make her understand the state of his finances, and each one would have a reasonable allowance for personal expenditures. Why cannot a marriage be considered by the contracting parties as a legal partnership as well as a holy vow? There is not a common sense woman in the world but would respond in a proper way to that kind of treatment. A womanly woman will never betray the confidence of her husband.

Another phase of this topic is, the petty jealousies allowed to exist on the part of both husband and wife. There is a seeming desire to monopolize the other, and to barricade the object of this selfish affection from all others, even allowing the green-eyed monster to insert a wedge of discontent and unhappiness into the love of relatives and friends of a lifetime. There is a constant watching and suspicion, that in time wears the soul and drives the heart to rebellion. What kind of a love is that? Nothing but a selfish passion that should be set aside, and replaced by a love that brings confidence and perfect friendship with it.

Just consider the matter for a moment. Take any of your dear friends there, who are really and truly friends. You are unfeignedly glad to meet them, to visit them. Their coming is an unmixed pleasure. But do you worry when they are absent, lest they should call on somebody else, or receive calls from others besides yourself, or have other friends than you? When you meet them again, do you catechise them as to their movements, whom they have met, where they have called? How long could a friendship endure that was of so exacting a nature that it would throw a Chinese wall around its object, and exclude all others from intimacy? Not long. Yet that is just the kind of love some husbands have for their wives, some wives for their husbands. Such a love is degrading to its object, for it is founded on jealousy; and to be jealous of a wife or of a husband is an admission on your part that you doubt the sincerity of the love you receive.

"But love and friendship are quite different things," I hear some one say. Very true; and that is just what you should see, clearly. When you can do that, you will be ready to admit, that friendship and love can both exist for the same person. And the plea is, that husbands and wives shall not be only lovers but also friends. Friendship, for its existence, demands esteem, common tastes on certain points, and many other things, which of themselves are a necessity if love is to last. And the plain fact is that the master passion, which sways us at its will in the bright hey-day of youth, changes its character as the years glide onward toward middle age. Ask any old married friend of yours, and you will easily get an admission of this fact.

The writer put the question not long ago, to a lady friend whose oldest son graduates this June at Dartmouth: "Mrs. C., do you love your husband with the same love you did when you married him?" (She was an intimate friend, who has known me ever since I was a little girl, or I would not have ventured the question.) "Not at all, in one sense," she replied, "but in another, yes. I love him better than I did then, but it is a different kind of love. I have known him through so many years that I esteem him beyond words. He is, to me, the best man in the world." Dear reader, did not she mean that they were friends, in the truest and best sense of the word? Yes, and lovers too; but that love would not have existed had they not become real friends during their early married life. "Don't marry without love," is an old and sound maxim, and I believe it; and I wish to add to it, "and make a friend of your husband"—or wife, as the case may be. S. M. K.

Fancy Work and Household Decoration.

Folding screens for holding eight or ten photographs are handsome when covered with plush or velvet.

Those who have remnants of plush can take them to the picture framer to be made into plush frames and easels.

Never throw away the smallest piece of satin, plush, velvet, silk or brocade; for the smallest square may be edged around with guipure insertion, and several of these squares joined together, make a bed-quilt, tidy, or table-cover.

A useful duster bag may be made of brown twilled linen, bound along the edges with colored braid. The top turns over with a "flap" and has "dusters" embroidered upon it. The front of the bag may be ornamented in any way that is liked, and it is suspended by rings sewn in the upper corners.

There is a fashion for long, narrow pin cushions, say 14 inches long and 4 inches wide, embroidered in silk or satin, and edged with lace and cord. The Siamese twin cushion is a novelty; it is two square cushions united just at one corner, with a loop of ribbon across the joining, so that they appear like a bow, the cushions each forming a loop.

A tidy scarf is exceedingly beautiful made of half a breadth of white Madras muslin, the entire pattern outlined with a plain gilt or gilt and colored cord; this is edged all around with a lace the design of which is outlined the same as the muslin centre. Caught up in the centre and fastened upon a chair or sofa back with a large moire or velvet bow, this is very stylish.

Another pretty tidy is made by sewing alternate rows of colored ribbon, say orange, blue and red, each color divided by a stripe of Oriental lace; these are sewed upon a strip of coarse white net, of the width and length required. A row of lace finishes it all around. It is then drawn closely together in the centre and finished with a bow of the various colors.

A pretty lining for a bureau drawer or for a trunk is made with two pieces of silesia, of any chosen color, one of which fits the drawer to be lined, the other being an inch smaller. The edge of the larger one may be "pinked," or trimmed with lace, and between the two is placed a thin layer of wadding, over which the sachet powder has been generously sprinkled. The two pieces are fastened together at the edge of the smaller with feather stitching in crewel of some constrasting color, and "tied" at regular interval with the crewel.

Have you an old piece of linen in the house? A linen sheet is just the thing, if you have it. Here is material for an abundance of pretty things. I have lambrequins, tables, bureau-covers and even a table-scarf made of an old linen sheet. A pretty lambrequin may be made by fringing the edge to a depth of four inches, and tying the fringe. Further stitch with working cotton of some bright color. Then above this, pull out all the horizontal threads for the space of an inch, and run in a bright ribbon in the open spaces. Make as many rows of the open work as your taste requires. The same style may be followed for bureau covers with pleasing results.—*Tribune and Farmer.*

Curtains.—For curtains, cornices and lambrequins are abandoned. Poles of wood or of gilt, with rings to which the curtains are attached, are used for curtains of all kinds, whether thin or thick, muslin or lace, cotton or damask. The rings are sewed directly to the hem at the top of the curtain, or else they are attached by little clamps that have been made for this purpose. In the place of lambrequins there are sometimes valances, or the Queen Anne cap, made of a straight width of plush, felt or other stuff, simply edged with gimp or fringe, placed smoothly across the top of the window, and from beneath this fall the muslin or lace curtains. Printed Holland shades in cambric designs of blue or rose on a white ground are pretty for country houses, but those of unbleached linen, embroidered with self-colors, are best liked for the city. White canvas bands, wrought in gay colors, are new for fastening back white curtains, though ribbons are most used for this purpose. It is a rule that all the windows in front of the houses should have the same kind of shades and sash curtains also, while the inner curtains may differ in each room. Madras muslins are in favor for vestibule curtains, because they give a rich glow of color to the hall.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam p; tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch, chain stitch; s ch, slip stitch; c ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Ruffle Lace.—Very pretty for pillow cases. Knit of No. 8 cotton. Cast on 30 stitches and knit across plain. 1st row—k 12—o twice—n—o twice—n—o twice—n—o twice—n—o twice—n—o twice—n—o twice—n—o twice—n—o twice—n—k 2. 2d row—k 4—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 12—now you have 38 stitches on your needle. 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th rows—k plain. 8th row—bind off 8—k 29—this complete one scallop. Commence at first row.—M. E. H.

Shell Edging.—Make a ch of 8 stitches—turn 1—in 4th st make 4 l c, keeping first loop of each stitch on hook (now there should be 5 loops on hook)—draw thread through all tog—ch 2—1 l c in same place—ch 2—1 l c in same place before—in same place—ch 2—1 l c in first st of ch—turn 2—ch 4—4 l c—under 2 ch between 4 l c and 1 l c of last row—ch 2—1 l c in top of 1 l c of last row—ch 2—4 l c under 2 l c—ch 2—1 l c in 4 ch of last row—turn: repeat until there are 5 rows of leaves on vine. Now begin scallop 1—skip 2 leaves, and in 4 ch, between 3d and 4th rows, make 18 extra l c (th round hook twice) and fasten in 1st row of leaves—turn 2—1 l c in top of 1st extra l c—ch 3 and fasten in top of l c (this forms a loop). Repeat same to end, remaining 7 extra l c—then c another row of leaves—turn. Next scallop is made the same, except you fasten first loop of new scallop in last loop of last scallop. This is very pretty and easy. I hope it is plain.—DAKOTA GIRL.

Correspondence.

HOW TO KILL THE BABY (continued).—A baby—as the world knows—is not a person. Let the untrained kitchen girl frequently aid the nurse in her mortal designs, and even the father may—in the case of the first-born—contribute valuable services. We recall the case of a young father, who, entrusted in an emergency with the charge of his son and heir—aged four hours—perambulated into the pantry and set about fulfilling parental obligations by treating the screaming baby to a taste of cold baked beans! To the credit of the toothless autocrat, the Boston diet was rejected. But the individual consciences of the mortuary band are subject to brief seasons of rest in the matter of feeding. Then let the churning begin. Set the pudgy little victim up straight upon your knee. Settle the wee, cartilaginous frame by pressing firmly upon the distended stomach with his left hand, place the right upon his back, pressing the thumb well into the tender, greasy neck, then trot for dear life. Bring the heel down firmly with each trot; the mother will enjoy the steadily recurring thump. Let this rule be rigidly enforced, but vary positions. Occasionally lay him across your knee, face downwards, anticipating the years. If his head hangs over never mind, and proceed to trot him, long and well, to a lively tune, pounding meantime, as your strength permits, on his non-resisting spine. This treatment is good to relieve flatulency. Get a cradle with a rocker, and rock him a good deal—and rock with a will. Do this in presence of the mother, keeping up, meantime, an unremitting, high-pitched monologue, sea-sawed with much laughter. The matter of bathing must by no means be overlooked. If Sairey is the woman we take her to be she needs no points. She is mistress of the situation. Certain editions of the "Gamp" make it a rule to bathe baby in a cool room. It is warm work at best, and the nurse gets uncomfortably heated if near the fire.

How the baby gets away from the fire, no one has heard him say. But she of the lethargic constitution seeks the more or less hospitable atmosphere of the kitchen, restores baby to his normal simplicity of attire, lays him on her lap, head toward the fire, gives him the bottle, and proceeds to business. This point is vital. See that baby's stomach is full when you begin, and overflow it during the bathing process. This will produce indigestion and secure a lively colic. Subdue with paregoric, use highly scented soaps; apply freely, especially about the head and joints. The eruption will soon follow; use something to scatter and drive it in. Expose the baby as much as possible to currents of air, and do not be afraid to touch him. Your muscular grasp is just suited to his velvety flesh, and only a baby, and he eloquent can do justice to the well-developed properly aggressive thumb.

Use an abundance of skirts very long and very heavy. Baby has never done any thing to tire himself, and has an excess of strength, which may as well be exercised in sustaining this weight upon his hardly little stomach, lips and back. They will call "virago!" Never fear. Sing to him a great deal. Sing mightily! He has only known, thus far, the music of the spheres. Lay his head upon yours boulder, pat his back—not too lightly—and when you have his ear, sing. How shall his tympanum gain strength but by resistance?

Hand him about a good deal. Let each visitor, as well as each member of the family, take him and trot him. If anybody calls while he is asleep, awake him, unhesitatingly. Life is short, and he cannot too early make his impression upon the world. Then feed him, trot him to sleep again, and lay him down, head toward the fire, well loaded with coverings. A safe rule is to put an eight-pound baby under a four-pound pressure, You, weighing 150 pounds, would sleep well under a 75-pound covering. As an encouraging precedent note the case of a bereaved mother, who thus, unconsciously, illustrated cause and effect: "I don't see how in the world my baby came to die, after all we did for her. We gave her every kind of medicine we could get hold of." The earnest seeker after means will not lose sight of this suggestion. Bring yourself by a glance at the statistics. Note the fact that one-tenth of all the children born die during the first month—the average period of Sairey's ministry. But yield not to discouragements, though she depart—bandbox, plethoric umbrella, soothing syrup, paregoric, "drops" and laudanum, all synonyms—and you are left chief executioner. Again the statistician's table: "Four times as many die during the second month."

When you bathe him, which you may do at irregular intervals, if you notice a little abrasion, do not attend to it. Wait till it is worth doctoring. Neglect to swab out its mouth with fresh water. Wait till the canker appears. You will have swabbing enough to do then. If you have gone off altogether to the bottle, let it stand around partially filled; it will get cold and a little sour; when called for fill it up with warm water and let him go to to sleep on it. For the thoughtful consideration of the amateur we append the words of the great Law-giver, who set a little child in the midst: "Whoso shall offend me of these little ones it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were drowned in the depths of the sea." —MOSS ROSE, Science Hill, Ky.

FORCE VERSUS LOVE IN CHILD-TRAINING.—I once knew hands which rarely inflicted the slightest corporal punishment, blessed hands, so thought the children that were guided by their loving clasp. The dear hands are now folded and still, and the children scattered abroad, but the memory of that mystic clasp out lives death and the grave.

Some one has said a child cannot return a mother's measure of affection. Perhaps not the peculiar love of a mother. A true mother's love, is pure as the angels, and lasting as love itself, but O, libel on such a mother to claim a child may not return a recompense of as deep and abiding affection. The old adage may be true, "Where little is given little will be returned," and nature is sometimes so deteriorated that kindness is in vain, but such cases are rare, except by inheritance.

Volumes have been written, on the proper training of children, rules, mottoes, and proverbs published for the same, all availing, very little, unless a fair share of common sense is used in discriminating children's temperament.

It certainly is not right to surfeit a child with maudlin kindness, or lose one's identity in a child's wishes, neither is it right or necessary to enforce obedience, to use that emblem of barbarity "The Rod of Solomon" and torture the quivering body. Give us a little moral lesson in regard to the little children and leave the old Jewish laws and proverbs with the robbers and murderers.

As the child, so is the man, or has a child no principle, no sense of right or wrong? Are children brutes, to be restrained by force of whip and bridle? Are mothers have raised anarchists, have filled the jails and penitentiaries, and gave service to the hangman? Is it the honest woman who taught her boy in infancy the first principals of true manhood—that of love and honor? Not with the cruel lash, but by her own example. Or, is the mother stern and austere, who can brook no act of disobedience, can tolerate no childish folly; very strict in her family government—so strict, indeed, as to almost exclude childhood's joys and the love which God intended was her due. Love of home is the first principle of good government, and do our women go out from unhappy homes, appreciating the joys and filial affection pertaining to a true and honest life. From whence have the seeds of anarchy sprung? From civilized persons who were reared by loving hands? Have they not been born under iron rule, trained by half civilized women, and if such people will raise children they have the first pleasure of inflicting punishment?

There are many things mentioned in the Bible, but the Golden Rule, with other lessons of Christ's teaching, is good enough and all sufficient for the children and their mothers. Dear mothers, those with us and those who have passed to the other shore, if the measure of their love was not returned, it was because the human heart could give no more. Dear, loving mother, who guided the steps of childhood with silken chords, who blessed the days of girlhood with confidence and trust, and whose hands gave God's blessing at parting. Long years drift aside, middle age and gray hairs are forgotten, and one is a little child again.—BARBARA ALLEN.

Inquiries

Will some one of the HOUSEHOLD please give me the recipes for canning sweet corn, peas and sweet milk?—MRS. C. SMITH.

Will some member of the HOUSEHOLD give a recipe for the cure of catarrh?

Will the BLADE publish a recipe for making white castile soap from oil without using other soap for a foundation?—MRS. DAVID GRIFFIN.

Do any of the BLADE readers know a sure cure for hives? If so, please send the remedy through the HOUSEHOLD. —A READER.

Will some one tell me how to crochet a basket out of cord?—A CONSTANT READER.

Can any of the BLADE readers give a safe and reliable cure for granulated eyelids? One of years standing.—F. L.

Will you please give me a remedy to keep ants out of brown sugar?—S. E. WELCH.

Will some one give through the BLADE a recipe for making ice cream, as made at restaurants?

I have some pretty lace patterns that have never appeared in the BLADE; also, choice recipes. Would gladly send if you would like them.—MRS. CARPENTER.

Will be glad to receive them.—ED.

Can any of the readers of the BLADE tell me through the HOUSEHOLD department where I can get the seed of the ground cherry?—MRS. S. E. MONTGOMERY.

Will some of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD please send directions for making a tidy of macrame twine?—MRS. M.

Will some kind friend please send me the song of "Jesse James" through the dear old BLADE, or by letter, and oblige a constant reader.—ENINNIE HOWELL, La Place, Piatt Co., Ill.

Does any one know what will make straight hair grow out curly after it has been mowed?—NORA.

Will some kind person, either lady or gentleman, please send me the song "Called Back." I like it very much, but cannot get it. I will pay postage.—BERTHA, P. O. BOX, 1,174, Moberly, Mo.

Will some of the kind mothers of the HOUSEHOLD lend a helping hand to a number of us young mothers here in this far-off place by sending us patterns for our little ones? Would be thankful for a neat dress or bonnet pattern—in fact any pattern for a garment for a child from three months to four years old; also a little shoe pattern. We have a host of little folks here, and are 25 to 30 miles from town, so do not get many ideas how to get them.—MRS. C. D. PEATT, Glendale F. O., Hand Co., Dakota.

Will the lady who sent me seed from Centerville, Penn., please send me her address; also the lady from Nebraska who sent me the fish pattern, as both were accidentally lost?—MRS. RETTA CARPENTER, Box 24, Windom, McPherson Co., Kansas.

Will some of the southern sisters please send a recipe to the HOUSEHOLD for tomato soup? While in the South I often ate delicious soup, the main ingredient of which was tomatoes. I will gladly correspond with any one having bound books to exchange for something useful or ornamental.—MRS. E. MARK, Sparta, Kent Co. Mich.

I am a subscriber of the BLADE and the HOUSEHOLD is the first page I turn to read. I wish to thank Mrs. Thompson for her instructions in fabric painting. I hope she will come again. Gladly keep house without the BLADE. I have two new subscribers to send in with my renewal this week.

I would like to correspond with some intelligent young or middle aged lady who wishes to venture West and make their living. We have to keep help. Pay good wages the year round, and as my husband's business keeps him from home a good deal, would like some one who would be companionable. We live on a ranch of 2,400 acres of land situated in the beautiful Wet Mountain Valley of Colorado, and my residence is just one mile from West Cliff, a pretty little railroad station.—MRS. A. M. DE BOIS, West Cliff, Custar county, Colo.

Will some one please tell how to do stamping with liquid for Kensington painting, and give recipe for making liquid? The HOUSEHOLD has told how to stamp with powder, but I have not seen directions for using liquid.—ARDIE.

Answers to Inquiries.

If the lady who inquired how to sour her vinegar, will take it from the cellar and place it in the sun and put a peck of wheat bran in her barrel, in two weeks her vinegar will suit her. This is my experience and have known of others doing so with success. Please try and report.—MRS. N. L. LEWIS, Fremont, Mich.

If "Northwest" will keep her turkeys in good coops so they cannot get wet, and keep the hens shut in until the turkeys are two weeks old (allowing them to run out) and will feed them SIX or eight times a day until they are that age, at least, I think she will have success. Eggs should not be set before the first of May, and then under chickens—the turkey hens lose so many. This is our way, and we have been quite successful.

I cannot supply any more with the pin cushion pattern, and those that have sent to me will have to wait a little, as there are so many I cannot attend to them immediately.—LINA ALLINGTON, Postville, Iowa.

Tell "Mrs. E. W. M." to blanch almonds, pour boiling water over them, let stand a moment, drain and throw into cold water, slip off the skins and pound.

"Miss Esther Beach," a pretty verse for the owner to place in an album is this:

"Go, little book, thy destined course pursue,
Collect memorials, of the just and true,
And beg of every friend sincere,
Some token of remembrance here.

As some of the HOUSEHOLD expressed a wish to hear from me through the BLADE when I was done sending pink seed, I will comply and tell you that I sent seed to more than 200 persons; more than 50 to Toledo alone. Those who failed to hear from me will understand that their letter did not reach me or that the seed was exhausted before I received their letter. To those who wrote for patterns, specimins, minerals, etc., I will say I am replying as fast as possible; have patience, friends. And now is there not one among those 200 ladies to whom I sent seed that can answer my thrice repeated request for a recipe for water crackers, such as are common at the eastern stores.—M. L. CODER, Glenwood, Idaho.

If Miss E. C. Torrence wishes to confer a favor, she can do so by sending any reading matter she chooses, papers, books, magazines, old or new, to the address of MRS. M. A. JAMISON, Cavour, Beadle county, S. D.

Tell Mrs "S." I once had the itch in my family and I turned a silk dress wrong side out, also my husband's dress-coat and took the lining out of my muff, and ironed them completely with a hot iron, with good results. I am told it is a small insect or vermin and the hot iron exterminates the pest.—G. M.

If Mrs. Willie will take two contrasting colors, red and white, for instance, sew a ball of each and twist them together, and then have just three strains wove in, makes a nice feather stripe.—G. M.

If Minnie Goodyear is as lucky as some I have known, she can get rid of her "polliwogs" by using blood root, washing or bathing it several times a day with a strong solution; also use it as snuff, mixed with Scotch or Maccaboy snuffs; must be used, maybe, several months, when it (the polypus,) will shrivel up, let go, and drop out. Try faithfully and report.—LEONARD LYON.

Please allow me to thank those who have kindly sent me the words of a song I asked for. I am a young girl 13 years old, but have been a reader of the BLADE for a long time. Sister Kitty and I joined the BLADE Temperance Legion a year ago. In answer to "F. B." I will say that I am not a relative of "W. G.," and I have no relatives in Cedar Rapids that I know of.—BESSIE G. CRANE.

If you would kindly give the title of one or two of the standard works and price of each, you will confer a lasting benefit on —A SUBSCRIBER'S WIFE.

The question is too vague to answer satisfactorily. Among the standard essays, Addison and Lamb's works are the best. Among the older poets, Shakespeare and Milton, later, Tenhyson and Longfellow. For English novelists, Scott, Dickens and George Eliot; American, Howells and James. Any book-seller will give you the prices.—ED.

If "Patient Waiter" will clean her teeth once a day with table salt, I think she will find relief of the cause "stomach trouble." If "Subscriber" will wash Jamb's wool in hot water and rinse in hot water, I don't think the goods will full up.—MRS. L. H.

Will "Mrs. S. G.," who wishes to know how to make her calla lily bloom, water it twice a week with one-half teacup of boiling water, being careful not to pour it on the stem. Also, give it no rest during the summer, but set it out in the flower-bed, where it will receive only the morning sun. I have been very successful with mine, which is now four feet high, and has two large flowers.—M. S.

Recipes.

To clean a spice mill grind a handful of raw rice through it.

A gridiron should always be heated before putting meat on it to broil.

The best way to hang up a broom is to screw a large picture ring into the top of the handle.

Eliza's Cookies.—Two eggs, 1½ teacupfuls sugar, 1 cupful butter, ½ cupful sweet milk, 2 teaspoonfuls cream tartar, 1 teaspoonful soda, nutmeg to taste. Mix in enough flour to roll into small cakes and bake in a quick oven.

Recipe for Cookies.—1 cupful sugar, 2 eggs, ½ cupful butter, ½ teaspoonful soda, nutmeg; bake in quick oven. Will keep a long time.

Receipt for turning cider to vinegar: If she will get ¼ lb. cream tartar and put it in the barrel and shake it well, then let it stand, in a little time it will turn to good vinegar. I have tried it, and never knew it to fail.—SARMER.

Washing Fluid.—I do not succeed with the wash without rubbing. I use white Russian soap and a fluid made thus: 2 lbs. salsoda, ½ lb. lime, 7 quts water; put together in iron kettle on stove and bring to a boil; set aside to settle, and put in jug or jar—not tin—and use this for breaking water and cook the clothes in. After the clothes have cooked awhile they wash very easy.—MOLLIE S.

Strawberry Short Cake.—1 pt. sour cream, not too thick, a 3 finger pinch of salt, a level teaspoonful saleratus dissolved in a little warm water; flour enough to roll. Bake in a dripping pan.* When done slip on a platter, split, butter well. Cover the lower crust with the cream and sugar. Turn the top crust side down, and cover the top with berries also.

Corn Bread.—Turn boiling water upon four quarts of meal and stir until it is all scalded, but not very moist. Then add 1½ quarts of sour milk or butter milk, 2 teaspoonful of soda, 2 cupsful of sugar and flour, (rye flour is preferred by some) to make it as stiff as can be stirred. Bake in a six quart pan, in a moderate oven, for two hours and a half.—MRS. F. J. S.

A refreshing and nourishing drink for an invalid: Stir the yellow of an egg into a glass of lemonade. If this is too rich use more lemonade and drink part at a time.

Salt is preservative in its nature. If too much of it is used in cooking food, it wars against the juices of the stomach and thus retards digestion, and will in time derange the digestive organs. It is best to use it in small quantities.

The best thing to polish eye glasses and spectacles with is a bit of newspaper. Moisten the glasses and rub dry.

Strawberry Shortcake.—I wish to tell the readers of the BLADE how to bake a shortcake so as to avoid having to split it. Roll two sheets of dough thin, and put them together, with a little flour between. When baked they will readily separate. The sweet milk and baking powder shortcakes are superior to all others. A first class shortcake should have two layers of berries, one in the middle and one on top. Put a layer on the lower cake, then turn the upper cake upside down, lay it on the other and spread it with berries also. This makes a delicious cake.

Spice Cake.—Here is a good recipe for spice cake for Ida Baker: 1½ cupfulls of buttermilk; 1½ cupfuls of brown sugar; ½ cup of good butter or shortening; 1 teaspoonful soda; 1 teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice, and 2½ to 3 cupfuls of flour, according to the richness of the buttermilk.

Hair Wash.—"A Reader," the best wash I ever had for hair is: 1 cupful of salt, 1 qt. soft water; after it stands for 12 hours you can commence to use. Take a cupful of the liquid after shortening; I keep wash well with that rinse once and rub dry as possible with towel.

Silver Cake.—½ cupful butter, 1 cupful sugar, ½ cupful sweet milk with whites of 4 eggs, 1½ cupfuls of flour, 1 teaspoonful baking powder. This is splendid. Always beat the eggs separately and thoroughly, and always rub sugar and butter to a cream.—MRS. A. A.

Strawberry Cheesecakes.—Take ½ pt. of hulled strawberries, selecting those which are not too ripe; put them in a bowl and, after mashing them thoroughly with the back of wooden spoon, sweeten with a tablespoonful of pulverized sugar (if the berries are very tart more sugar may be required); then stir in the mixture two well-beaten eggs. Now line your pattypans with puff paste and fill about two-thirds or three-quarters full with the mixture. See that your oven is hot when you put them in, and let them bake for ten minutes.

Don't You Know

that you cannot afford to neglect that catarrh? Don't you know that it may lead to consumption, to insanity, to death? Don't you know that it can be easily cured? Don't you know that while the thousand and one nostrums you have tried have utterly failed that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is a certain cure? It has stood the test of years, and there are hundreds of thousands of grateful men and women in all parts of the country who can testify to its efficacy. All druggists.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

RIDGEWAY, N. Y.	Erma Howell	OLIVET, O.	
Jessie Bond	Kittie Bowser	Wilbur G Brady	
Ida Servoss	Nellie Bond	Melvin C Brady	
Gussie Cross	Estella Goose	Minnie McKnight	
Debbie Deline	Wm Johnson	Clyde McKnight	
Roy Weld	Chas Rook	FRONTIER, MICH.	
Claire Howell	Frank Deline	Chas Clancy	
Ralph Goose	Fred Howell	Franklin E Touse	
George H Clark	Claude Howell	Ira M Touse	
H Chamberlain	CLARE, MICH.	Mary Scoville	
Robbie James	Ernest Bremer	Nellie B Scoville	
Cora James	Mortimer Bremer	Herbert Scoville	
Mellie Britt	Edith Bremer	Viola A Scoville	
Ruby Rogers	COUNCIL GROVE, KAN.	Lottie J Scoville	
May Bond			
Grace I Cr ss	Rosa S Eberhart		

Names this week, 37. Total, 19,511.

The above embraces all names received up to May 12.

A POSITIVE ENGAGEMENT.

You needn't ask Nan to a party,
A dinner or five o'clock tea,
Three weeks from to-day—which is Thursday—
For "engaged" and "at home" she will be.

She set her white Brahma this morning,
In a box with sweet hay for a bed,
On a dozen great eggs, all a-flutter,
With plumy wings softly outspread.

The hen looks so proud and important,
With her treasures hid under her breast;
Every feather alive if you touch her,
As if warning you off from her nest.

And the capable creature will sit there
Come sunshine, come storm, or what may,
With her wings and her warmth and her wisdom,
Till exactly three weeks from to-day.

And then! oh, the downy soft treasures,
The dear little yellow round things,
That will break from the shells and come peeping,
And stretching their small helpless wings!

Oh! you needn't ask Nan to a party
Or a dinner or five o'clock tea,
Three weeks from to-day—which is Thursday—
For "at home" and "engaged" she will be!
—*Mary L. B. Branch, in St. Nicholas for May.*

"LAZARUS."

BY MARGARET EMMA DITTO.

He was a new boy, tall and thin, as if he had been unexpectedly drawn out like a telescope, and had not got used to it. He was made up, as I have figured it out, chiefly of bones which were long in the shank and knobby on the ends, and strung together with whip-cord sinews. He turned dut to be a regular "Old Hickory," but he did not look it at first sight. Why, if he had been made of gristle and old yarn he could not have seemed more limp and mild than he did that first morning when he shambled around the gate post and made a bee-line for the school-house door.

The yard was full of boys, and we opened our eyes and took him in. He looked straight ahead and noticed nobody, and he walked as if his legs had taken the contract of getting there and the rest of him did not pay any attention to it. Besides this he was pale and cadaverous; so it was not at all queer that a little chap, Sawney Roberts, broke the streak of silence that had clapped down upon us, and piped shrilly, "How are you, Lazarus?"

The crowd laughed. I took Sawney by the coat collar and choked him off.

"You quit!" he yelled, tearing his mouth open till it swallowed the rest of his face, and left nothing but a coast line.

"Let him off, Ben," I heard the other boys, "he is not half your size."

I had a good grip on him, though, and I could have kept it till now if I had wanted to. He was kicking a regular double-shuffle with my front legs for the cellar door, and I thought I had better oblige the boys as long as I had a hand to do it with. So I let go. I tell you I like to keep something besides stockings next to my shin-bones as well as anybody.

After that we all called him Lazarus—the new boy. It came very handy, and nobody bothered with his real name, which was Richard Atherton.

Our boys do not mean to be unfair. Any fellow who comes to our school has a fair chance, if he can get it; that is, as far as the boys are concerned. Of course he has to size up and show what he can do. It makes no difference to us how much he knows; this teacher's business, not ours.

Lazarus was no end of a good scholar. He knew the multiplication table up to twenty times twenty when he came there, and he whizzed through geometry like a shooting-star. He could stand up in a Latin class and ravel out declensions and rules and exceptions, as an Indian juggler pulls out ribbons after swallowing a sword.

Lazarus had never been to such a school as that before, and he was ready to gobble down the whole academy, cupola and all. He had earned his tuition money—enough to take him through the winter—and he expected to bolt the institution at a mouthful, and come out liberally educated in the spring. After a month or two it began to look as if he would do it. The teachers heartened up wonderfully, and took to giving out harder work, and coming down heavier upon us when we did not do it; and Lazarus kept them in countenance. They took him for a kind of yard-stick to measure off lessons on, and the rest of us had to inch-worm over them as best we could.

I put it to you. How would you like such a boy in your class—a kind of Procrustean bed-fellow that the rest of us were stretched to till our joints cracked? Of course not; not at all. Well that was the way we liked it.

The administration, whatever that may be, pitchered up on us that term. They clapped down monthly examinations upon us—us that had been carried home feet foremost from the term examinations three times a year. How do you suppose we liked that? They put on steam a hundred and over about English spelling and reading; they set us to read Milton's prose at sight for a test. Floored? Of course; why not? Blood all up in your head, heavy boots on, hands behind you, the print all zigzag before your eyes, and a great dragon of a five-syllabled word coming at you full tilt over the waving lines; the room as still as a stone, and nobody within prompting distance. What kind of a way was that to treat a boy?

Oh, I could tell forty things—how they caught us fellows that played truant, and riddled our old excuses and tricks; how they found out about the tobacco, and settled us upon that.

But what is the use of talking? The school got to be an easy one to get turned out of, and a very hard one to stay in, unless you behaved like a saint and worked like a cart-horse.

"Of course there is an informer," said Jim Hooper one day. "Stands to reason that teachers couldn't naturally know all they do about us."

"An informer!" echoed Arthur Stanway, gloomily. "A traitor—a gallows bird!"

"A Judas! a Catiline! an Arnold!" said I; for I know history I can tell you, "a Sp-a-r-t-a-c-u-s," sang out Tom Ferris.

"Don't waste your alphabet, Tommy—everybody knows it is Lazarus. He looks like it to begin with. Where does he come from, anyway? and whom does he belong to? And where is the sense in his grinding down a book, cover and all, at one lesson?"

"Still, we never really caught him preaching," Jim put in.

"No need to catch him. Look at his old clothes—too small everywhere, and he looks through them all first as well. I tell you that suit would convict him of highway robbery."

I said this, and it raised a laugh, and settled the matter. From that time on Lazarus was a marked man. We all watched out for him, and when he got ahead of us it was because his tuition money—enough to take him through the winter—had helped him forward.

Then we started in to get square as well as possible with Lazarus. I dodged after them, and saw them go up into the office of the Ballsburg *Chronicle*, and I sent little Tom Ferris after them to listen at the key-hole, for I thought there were going to publish us. Tom was a stubborn little mule, and kicked a good deal.

"Try it yourself," he says to me.

"It isn't a job of my size," says I. "Go on. I'll watch out here on the sidewalk. There won't any harm come to you. My father carries the Ballsburg *Chronicle* around in his trousers pocket—owns it, you know. What are you afraid of?"

"I'm not afraid," says he, "but it is too much like a sneak thief."

"None of your goody-goody to me," said I. "You just shoot up those stairs and do as I tell you, and I'll write your Latin prose to-morrow; but if you do not little Tommy, I'll settle you pretty well the next time I catch you alone."

As it turned out, the first assistant wanted to get Lazarus a job at type-setting on extra nights, and it was over in two minutes; and they opened the door suddenly upon that silly little Tom, who got keeled down the dark stairway and bruised so much that he did not show up for some days, and then he got slid down into a lower class. Served him right, too. What was the sense in his spying around up there that day? Nothing came of it.

Another time Lazarus went up to the first assistant's room at the Balls House, and he came down after half an hour with a big book under his arm. That was enough for us. Probably he got that book for what he had to tell—as if it was not mean to inform without taking pay for it!

We hung a tag on his back next morning with "News to Sell" printed on it, and another the day after with "Job Printing." He found out the tags the minute they touched him. I suppose that old coat was so thin that a piece of paper made a warm spot on it.

We tried to take the screws out of his chair to see him spill to pieces. We got caught at that, however, and had to take a "spill" ourselves. We once sneaked three leaves out of his composition, and let him go on the stage with blank paper: it seems he knew it by heart, however, for he spun through it like a top, and got second prize for it. Another time we took the cold potatoes out of his lunch-basket, and put stones there instead: never heard from them again, unless they went into his knuckles, which anybody that felt would have said had been fed on stones and iron-filings.

"Lazarus, where did you get those fresh air-wristlets?" said I one day. "It is growing cold, and I want some myself. Ha! ha!

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

MRS. W. W. GANNER, Missouri.—All the shoots of asparagus should be cut off as they are ready to use, until the middle of May or first of June, when the cutting should stop. When the foliage dies in the fall, about the beginning of November, when the stalks turn yellow, cut them down close to the earth, carry them off the ground, and clear the beds carefully from seeds. When you do not need the seeds, the stalks should be cut before the seeds ripen and fall. As to the Bald Knobbers, they are so called because they made a place by that name their headquarters.—ED.

J. P. L. Xenia, Ind:—For a "horse that carries his tongue out while driving him," you may purchase a bit at any first-class hardware store that will stop it. There are two excellent kind of bits to prevent tongue lolling, the names of which, and price, will be given you by writing to any hardware store.

ON BOTH SIDES.—We have received several communications on different subjects relating to live stock and the farm this week. They are all good, and we should be pleased to publish them, but as they are written on both sides of the sheet they cannot be given to the readers. We would, to have them placed in type, be compelled to transcribe each alternate sheet, which would take away too much of our time from other duties.—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

HOW TO MAKE CHEESE.—L. V. P. asks in the BLADE of April 28, how to make cheese. There are directions in the BLADE of April 21, but they are not as full and plain, in my opinion, to an inexperienced beginner. First heat the milk to from 82 to 84 degrees, then add rennet enough to coagulate in about 12 minutes. To test this, take a tin dish; put in some hot water; wipe the dish dry on the outside and hold it in the milk. If coagulation has commenced, it will stick to the outside. With this, the curd should be ready to cut in an hour from setting and is fit to cut when it will break over the finger by passing it in the curd and extending in a horizontal manner, then raise gently upward. The rennet should be well stirred through for about one minute. Then float a dipper over the top until coagulation begins so as to prevent the cream from rising. Cover the vat over with some large cloth, when the weather is cold.

In cutting, cut lengthwise. In a short time cut crosswise, just fast enough to prevent swaying. There should be a horizontal knife used. Then begin heating. Raise gradually to 94 degrees, stirring very carefully. Then there is not as much danger of washing by rough working. Raise the heat to 98 or 100 degrees or more, if necessary, to cook the curd, which must be done. When the desired temperature is reached cover again in cool weather to hold the heat. To make a soft cheese the curd must be taken out before there is much acid; to test this, take a small piece, squeeze the whey out and hold against some hot iron that is not greasy. When there begins to be acid it will begin to stick. The more acid the longer and finer the threads will draw out. In taking out, drain the whey off well, stir up and salt, using four ounces of salt to 100 pounds of milk; let the curd drain well before putting to press; put a thin, close-fitting bandage around the cheese, either when putting to press, or in about an hour; press about 24 hours, or more does no harm. When taken out from the press, grease on both sides, and put in a room kept at about 70 degrees, or a little warmer, at first. Do not heat so as to start the grease in your cheese.

I use rennet extract, with which are full instructions for using. I have made cheese for 14 years. To make vinegar, take it out from the cellar and keep it in a warm place, and it will make nicely.—THOMAS SHEPARD, Freedom Corners, N. Y.

HEAVES.—In Horses.—Swelled Feet and Cough in Human Beings.—I read in the BLADE a short time ago a cure for heaves in horses. The following remedy I positively know will cure, as I have cured many horses: Take of nitric acid, two ounces. Put this in a tight vessel that will hold two feeds of oats. At noon, after putting in the oats, take a teaspoonful of the acid; put it in two quarts of new milk; stir it up well and turn it into the oats. Give one at night and one in the morning. At noon put two feeds to soak, as before, and repeat until the two ounces of acid are used up.

Swelled feet and ankles and cough of long standing: For the swelling, make a liniment as follows: One teacupful of spirits of turpentine, three of strong vinegar, the whites of two eggs, the table-spoonfuls of salt; put into a jug and shake well. Good for man and beast. Cure for cough: Put into a tumbler one table-spoonful of sweet cream, one of loaf sugar, one egg beat up fine, and as much pure bourbon whisky as they can bear, three times a day just before eating. If this will not cure the cough no remedy will.

Here is a remedy for soft or hard corns or bunions: Nitric and carbolic acid, of each one-half ounce. Rub this on at the time of going to bed for four nights. In about four nights after that soak the feet in hot water, and the corns will come off readily.—JAMES GRAY, Pawnee county, Kansas.

CHEESE.—I would like to hear through your valuable paper how to make skimmed milk and cream cheese.—GEORGE S. POETS, Huron county, Ohio.—The following is from [Millard's Practical Dairy Husbandry has this on skimmed milk manufacture:

In making skimmed-milk cheese, we do not advise that all the cream that will rise be taken from the milk. It is important in the realization of good profits to have a skim cheese of fair quality that will meet with ready sale at a fair price. If all the cream that can be obtained from the milk be removed and the milk then turned into cheese, it will lack quality, and the loss in price will be much more than the value of a little cream which should go with the skimmed milk for the purpose of improving the quality of the cheese, and rendering it more palatable.

If the milk is set in cans plunged in spring water * * * the morning's mess may stand for cream say 24 hours, or until next morning; and the night's milk 12 hours. The two messes of milk may then be skimmed, and the milk mingled together, or placed in the vat for cheese-making. The manufacture of skim-cheese does not differ materially from that of whole milk cheese. The milk in the vat being raised to a temperature of 82°, a sufficient quantity of rennet is added to perfect coagulation in about 50 minutes or an hour. Then the curd is cut with a steel-bladed curd-knife, the process of breaking effected as with whole milk cheese. The curd now having been allowed to subside, a gentle heat is begun to be applied, and the mass is very gradually raised to a temperature of 96°, the curds meanwhile being stirred, so as to keep from packing or clinging together. The curds are retained in the whey until properly matured, or as dairymen usually express it, "scalded," when the whey is drawn, the curds removed to the sink, and manipulated as with whole milk curds, and then salted at the rate of three pounds salt to one hundred of curd. Skimmed-cheese is usually made in small, flat shapes, somewhat similar to the single Gloucester of English manufacture. They may be pressed in smaller hoops if desired, but very thick shapes should be avoided, as they do not cure so evenly and are more liable to get out of flavor. The most difficult part in manufacture is to know when the curds are properly matured or scalded. This is only to be learned by practice, or by handling the curds.

In making skim-cheese it is important that a good, salable article be produced. When milk is set in pans for butter-making, about 20 pounds of milk on an average will produce one pound of butter. In the skim-cheese and butter manufacture, about 28 or 30 pounds of milk on an average are taken to make one pound of butter and two pounds of skim-cheese; this a basis is given in which to estimate the result of operations.

Dehorning Cattle.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—As you ask your readers about their experience in dehorning cattle, I have had some, and will give you the benefit of it. I have been dehorning cattle for three years, have dehorned 78 head this year, and have never had any trouble, or had one miss a feed except when castrated at the same time. I have a box stall twenty feet square to confine my cattle for catching. This box has a five-feet sliding down, that slides to the right as you go in, and on the left in the doorway. I have my sliding stanchion, the sliding-bar of which is made to change at the bottom, so as to fit any size of animal. Well, to the top of this bar. I have a strong lock, over which I place a ring which is three inches in diameter, and which is securely fastened to the end of twenty feet of half inch rope. The rope passes through an augur hole, two feet from the inside edge of the stationary bar, to the left. I put from five to ten head of cattle in the box. Then I slide the door up to the stansion, which is open. I then take hold of the rope, which is long enough to allow me to go behind my cattle, and as they just come in at the door they will try to go out and get their head in the stanchion, when I pull on my rope which shuts the stanchion and holds the animal until I can put the bolt in that fastens the stanchion. Then I slide my door and go in front of the animal, take my ring off the hook, loop the rope through it, and put it over the head behind the ears. Then push the rope through the ring again putting the loop over the nose. Then I step back by the side of the animal and reach over it, and get hold of the rope on the inside, pulling its head as far to the right as I can, and wrapping the rope once around the stationary bar then around the neck and around the bar again, then I commence all round just where Mr. H. W. M. leaves off. Commencing with the right horn first and with the knife instead of finishing with it. I first make a gash as deep as I can on the top and fully half an inch from the horn: then one in front and one behind. Then I use my saw, which is a fine toothed meat saw, with stiff bow back, which is easy to start when you want it with a deep gash which will gap open enough that the hair does not bother your saw, and as soon as the horn breaks I do as H. W. M. says, use the knife.

In regard to dehorning calves at two months old, my calves do not have horn enough at that time, and the only way that I have been successful has been by using the gas pipe, setting it down over the horn hot, a practice I do not recommend to any one.

I do not agree with "H. W. M." in regard to what Mr. Watson says about putting a piece of sheep skin over the wound, unless a man would be foolish enough to perform the operation in fly time, for I have often tried, and always failed, to get any thing to stay on, and am satisfied there is no need of it. But I do most heartily agree with what Mr. Watson says about getting an Angus bull before your stock gets too dull, and I haven't Angus bulls to sell, either; but judging from the number of bare-headed "niggers" in the barn my rope and saw will be soon in the second-hand store for sale.

How to Secure Heavy Yields of Strawberries.

First, we should use only such varieties as will readily respond to generous treatment. Varieties which have a feeding and fruiting capacity equal to one and a half acres per plant on the average should be chosen. Having such, plant on land thoroughly manured with the best car-stable horse manure, or its equivalent, at the rate of at least 100 tons per acre, in two previous applications, well mixed with the soil. The soil should be a good strong loam, either with good natural or artificial drainage. Having these conditions, let the land be in mellow condition to plant as early in July as your plants can be had. Take primary plants and plant in rows two feet by one and a half or two feet by fifteen inches, according to the strength of the variety. After planting nip all runners as often as they start. Hoe as often as needed up to freezing. After ground is frozen, mulch well for the winter, not removing till the ground ceases to freeze nights; then remove all the mulch carefully, and when the ground is in good condition to work give a shallow hoeing and good weeding. When the fruit is half grown renew the mulch enough to secure perfect cleanliness; the plants will now touch both ways in many places. At this juncture, if a drouth occurs, irrigate. With the Jewell for the main, and Sharpless for the 1st, 6th, 11th, etc., a yield of from 400 to 500 bushels per acre should be expected of large berries. Ground well worked for at least two years should be chosen in order to avoid the white grub. In order to keep any variety up to its maximum, stock plants should each year be selected from plants which are not allowed to fruit, and which are under generous culture. It will be readily seen that when a plant has borne two full quarts of fruit its constitution has been taxed heavily to give strong runners for new plants. We avoid this by cutting off all blooms as soon as the buds show on our propagating beds. We do this not only with the Jewell, but with all our varieties. Again, as a rule we allow our plants to fruit but once. We do not expect to strike twelve twice on the same set of plants. Again, we deem it as a rule a foolish expenditure of time to clean out an old field of plants; better turn the plants under and rotate with other crops.—*P. M. Anger in Michigan Horticulturist.*

Harvesting Castor Beans.

The beans are produced in small prickly pods or capsules, which are borne in pyramidal spikes or clusters. Ripening is indicated by the turning brown of the pods, which soon burst open and scatter the seeds. As soon as the pods at the base of a cluster begin to turn brown, the cluster must be harvested. The stem of the spike or cluster is cut with a sharp knife, and the cluster thrown into a cart on which a barn sheet or other cloth is spread to save the beans that shall fall. Many growers prefer to use a sled in harvesting; a sled is made with plank runners, large enough to hold two large dry-goods boxes. A single horse draws this along the lanes, and the clusters are thrown into the boxes. When the beans are filled they are taken to the "drying yard." A piece of hard ground, say 100 feet square, is burned over, swept and rolled to get a hard surface, and surrounded by a board fence. The clusters are placed in the center of this. After two days the spikes must be turned, using rakes for the purpose. At the end of four or five days the beans will have popped out, when the refuse is removed. The beans are swept up, to be cleaned by a fanning mill, and another lot of clusters brought in.—*American Agriculturist for May.*

Farm Fagots.

Don't turn your cows out to pasture until the grass gets a fair start.

It a sheep is chilled so as to give it cold or fever, the fiber of the wool is injured.

Every farmer should plan deliberately for a supply of small fruits for family use.

It will pay to take pains and plant all large, flat seeds like squash, melon and Lima beans edgewise.

Pull the collars away from the shoulders while resting the horses in the field, so that the air can pass freely between them.

If the grape vines have been neglected until now, don't try to trim them. It is too late and dangerous to their vitality.

Poor land produces milk that is deficient in fatty matters and therefore better adapted for cheese than butter making.

This is a good season for feeding roots to stock; such diet is an excellent preparation for the green grass it will soon be turned into.

Keep the plow well sharpened. This will not only insure better work, but more of it, as it will save the strength of the teams.

It does not matter how we get early swarms provided we get them, for in them is the profit of the year, or at least its foundation.

For spring feeding to bees, honey is more stimulating than sugar syrup, but is more liable to cause robbing. Warm food is most effective.

An exchange says that a new, cheap and effective insect killer is composed of one part of muriate of potash to one thousand parts of water.

Potatoes that are cut should not be covered quite as deep as three inches; whole potatoes require to be deeper to prevent too many stalks.

Better be late in seeding than to plow when land is too wet, for that may injure condition so that years will be required to effect restoration.

A poor tool on the farm imposes a tax upon the user every day it is employed, often greater in the year than the whole price of a good tool.

A grindstone conveniently placed ready for use leaves no excuse for working with a dull ax or other cutting instrument that never does good work.

Sometimes a delay of a few days in getting the soil prepared and the seeds planted, will make a difference in the harvest of at least one-half.

A Vermont farmer plants a sunflower seed instead of a pole to each hill of beans. The sturdy stalk answers for a pole, and the seeds supply an excellent feed for poultry.

If the wool of sheep becomes wet it dries very slowly and only by chilling the animal through. Shelter from rain and snow, especially the former, is therefore more important than protection from cold.

Ben: Perley Poore says that if farmers would thrive they must change their policy. They must concentrate their labor, they must give to a few acres the care now usually bestowed on many, and if necessary to do this they must diminish their farms.

For growing cucumbers, squashes, or similar plants, put sawdust or rotten wood about them. Those who have never tried cucumbers on strong, bushy stakes like pea sticks will be surprised to note how they enjoy it. Tomatoes do better trained to stout sticks than any other way.

Horses put to hard work will almost surely show puffy spots under the harness, which will soon make bad galls if neglected. Lift the harness and bathe the spots with cold water when the teams rest, and at evening. Make sure that collars, especially, fit well and are smooth and hard.

A Wonderful Machine and Offer.

To introduce them, we will give away 1,000 Self-operating Washing Machines. No labor or washboard. The best in the world. If you want one, write now to THE NATIONAL CO., 25 Dey St., N. Y.

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON THE SAVIOR.

The Surest Way to Lighten the Burden of Sin and Temptation—The Blessed Example of the Disciples when John the Baptist was Killed.

BROOKLYN, May 8.—At the Tabernacle this morning, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., gave notice of the annual pilgrimage of his congregation, which, this year, will be to Martha's Vineyard, Mass. It will begin July 1, and end July 7. Dr. Talmage will preach at Martha's Vineyard on July 3, and deliver an oration on the Fourth. Dr. Talmage's text was: "And His disciples went and told Jesus."—Matthew xiv, 12. He said:—

An outrageous assassination had just taken place. To appease a revengeful woman, King Herod ordered the death of that noble, self-sacrificing Christian, John the Baptist. The group of the disciples were thrown into grief and dismay. They felt themselves utterly defenseless. There was no authority to which they could appeal, and yet grief must always find expression. If there be no human ear to hear it, then the agonized soul will cry it aloud to the winds and the woods and the waters. But there was an ear that was willing to listen. There is a tender pathos, and at the same time a most admirable picture, in the words of my text: "They went and told Jesus." He could understand all their grief, and he immediately soothed it. Our burdens are not more than half so heavy to carry if another is thrust under the other end of them. Here we find Christ, His brow shadowed with grief, standing amid the group of disciples, who, with tears, and violent gesticulations, and wringing of hands, and outcry of bereavement, are expressing their woe. Raphael, with his skillful brush putting upon the wall of a palace some scene of sacred story, gave not so skillful a stroke as when the plain hand of the evangelist writes: "They went and told Jesus."

The old Goths and Vandals once came down upon Italy from the north of Europe, and they upset the gardens, and they broke down the altars, and swept away everything that was good and beautiful. So there is ever and anon in the history of all the sons and daughters of our race an incursion of rough-handed troubles that come to plunder and ransack and put to the torch all that men highly prize. There is no cave so deeply cleft into the mountains as to allow us shelter, and the foot of the fleetest courser cannot bear us beyond the quick pursuit. The arrows they put to the string with a whizzing dart, until we fall pierced and stunned.

I feel that I bring to you a most appropriate message. I mean to bind up all your griefs into a bundle and set them on fire with a spark from God's altar. The same prescription that cured the sorrow of the disciples will cure all your heartaches.

I have read that when Napoleon in his army marched out to capture Jernsalem, as they came over the hills, at the first flash of the pinnacles of that beautiful city the army that had marched in silence lifted a shout that made the earth tremble. O, you soldiers of Jesus Christ, marching on toward heaven, I would that today, by some gleam from the palace of God's mercy and God's strength, you might be lifted into great rejoicing, and that before this service is ended you might raise one glad hosanna to the Lord!

In the first place, I commend the behavior of these disciples to all those in this audience who are sinful and unpardoned. There comes a time in almost every man's history when he feels from some source that he has an erring nature. The thought may not have such heft as to fell him. It may be only like the flash in an evening cloud just after a very hot summer day. One man to get rid of that impression will go to prayer; another will stimulate himself by ardent spirits, and another will dive deeper into worldlinesses. But sometimes a man cannot get rid of these impressions. The fact is, when a man finds out that his eternity is poised upon a perfect uncertainty, and that the next moment his foot may slip, he must do something violent to make himself forget where he stands, or seek for refuge.

If there are any here who have resolved that they would rather die of this awful cancer of sin than to have the heavenly surgeon cut it out, let me say, my dear brother, you mingle for yourself a bitter cup. You fly in the face of your everlasting interests. You crouch under a yoke and you bite in the dust, when this moment you might bring up a crowned conqueror. Driven and perplexed and harassed as you have been by sin, go and tell Jesus. To relax the grip of death from your soul, and plant your unshackled feet upon the golden throne, Christ let the tortures of the bloody mount transfix Him. With the beam of His own cross like a tall beak, plow the floor of your dungeon. From the thorns of His own crown He will pick enough gems to make your brow blaze with eternal victory. In every tear of His wet cheek, in every gash of His side, in every long, blackening mark of laceration from shoulder to shoulder; in the grave-shattering, heaven-storming death, Christ's heart bear Him say: "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

"Oh," but you say, "instead of curing my wound you want to make another wound, namely, that of conviction." Have you never known a surgeon to come and find a chronic disease, and then with sharp cauterize burn it out? So the grace of God comes to the old sore of sin. It has long been rankling there, but by divine grace it is burned out through these fires of conviction, "the flesh coming again as the flesh of a little child;" "where sin abounded, grace much more aboundeth." With the ten thousand unpardoned sins of your life, go tell Jesus. You will never get rid of your sins in any other way; and remember that the broad invitation which I extend to you will not always be extended.

King Alfred, before modern time-pieces were invented, used to divide the day into three parts, eight hours each, and then had three wax candles. By the time the first candle had burned to the socket, eight hours had gone, and when the second candle had burned to the socket, another eight hours had gone, and when all the three candles had gone out, then the day had passed. Oh, that some of us instead of calculating our days, and nights and years by any earthly time-piece, might calculate them by the number of opportunities and mercies which are burning down and burning out, never to be relighted, lest at last we be amid the foolish virgins who cried: "Our lamps have gone out!"

Again, I commend the behavior of the disciples to all who are tempted. I have heard men in middle life say they had never been led into temptation. If you have not felt temptation it is because you have not to do right. A man hoppled and handcuffed, as long as he lies quietly, does not test the power of the chain; but when he rises up, and with determination resolves to snap the handcuff or break the hopple, then he finds the power of the iron. And there are men who have been for ten, and twenty, and thirty years bound hand and foot by evil habits who have never tried to break it. It is very easy to go on down with the stream and with the wind, lying on your oars; but just turn around and try to go against the wind and tide, and you will find it is a difficult matter. We are ever to go down the current of our evil habit we seem to get along quite smoothly; but if after a while we turn around and head the other way, toward Christ, and pardon, and heaven, oh, then how we have to lay to the oars! You all have your temptation. You have one kind, you another, you another, not one person escapes.

It is all folly for you to say to some one: "I could not be tempted as you are." The lion thinks it is so strange that the fish should be caught with a hook. The fish thinks it is so strange that the lion should be caught with a trap. You see some man with a cold, phlegmatic temperament, and you say: "I suppose that man has not any temptation." Yes, as much as you have. In his phlegmatic nature he has a temptation to indolence and censoriousness and overeating and drinking; a temptation to ignore the great work of life; a temptation to lay down an obstacle in the way of all good enterprises. The temperament decides the styles of temptation; but sanguine or lymphatic you will have temptation. Satan has a grappling-hook just fitted for your soul. A man never lives beyond the reach of temptation. You say when a man gets to be 70 or 80 years of age he is safe from all Satanic assault. You are very much mistaken. A many of 85 years of age has as many temptations as a man of 25. They are only different styles of temptation.

Ask the aged Christian whether he is never assaulted by the powers of darkness. If you think you have conquered the power of temptation, you are very much mistaken.

A man who wanted a throne pretended he was very weak and sickly, and if he was elevated he would soon be gone. So he arose upon his crutches to the throne, and having attained it he was strong again. He said: "It was well for me while I was looking for the scepter of another that I should stoop, but now that I have found it why should I stoop any longer?" and he threw away his crutches and was well again.

How illustrative of the power of temptation! You think it is a weak and crippled influence; but give it a chance, and it will be a tyrant in your soul, it will grind you to atoms. No man has finally and forever overcome temptation until he has left the world. But what are you to do with these temptations? Tell everybody about them? Ah, what a silly man you would be! As well might a commander in a fort send word to the enemy which gate is the least barred, as for you to go and tell what all your frailties are, and what your temptations are. The world will only caricature you, will scoff at you. What, then, shall a man do? When the wave strikes him with terrific dash shall he have nothing to hold on to? In this contest with "the world, the flesh, and the devil" shall a man have no help, no counsel?

Our text intimates something different. In those eyes that wept with the Bethany sisters I see shining hope. In that voice which spake until the grave brake and the widow of Nain had back her lost son, and the sea slept, and sorrow stupendous woke up in the arms of rapture—in that voice I hear the command and the promise: "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he will sustain thee." Why should you carry your burdens any longer? Oh, you weary soul, Christ has been in this conflict. He says: "My grace is sufficient for you. You shall not be tempted above that you are able to bear." Therefore, with all your temptations, go, as these disciples did, and tell Jesus.

Again: I commend the behavior of the disciples to all those who are abused and slandered and persecuted. When Herod put John to death the disciples knew that their own heads were not safe. And do you know that every John has a Herod? There are persons in life who do not wish you very well. Your misfortunes are honeycombs to them. Through their teeth they hiss at you, misinterpret your motives, and would be glad to see you upset. No man gets through life without having a pummeling. Some slander comes after you, howls at the door

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Mrs. U. S. Grant is convalescing.

A Methodist revival is in progress in Saxony.

Cardinal Gibbons declines to be interviewed on the K. of L. question.

Prince Frederick Leopold, of Germany, sails for Liverpool from New York, to-day.

The famous Yuma chief, Pasqual, died Monday night, and was cremated Tuesday.

The Catholic Knights have fixed upon Chattanooga as the place for the next annual meeting.

Mr. Parnell's health has become worse since his journey yesterday from Ireland to London.

The Catholic Knights of America will not petition for the pardon of their absconding treasurer.

Thirty-six steamers, including coasters, were off Sandy Hook this morning when the fog lifted.

W. Mather, M. P., is in this country and expresses himself much pleased with the school system.

Treasurer Hyatt has been notified of his appointment. The transfer will be made early next week.

Wm. O'Brien has left New York for Canada where he will open up on Lord Lansdowne and his methods.

The George Curtis, with a record of 16,000 miles in 100 days, will enter the Seminole-Gunmer race around the Horn.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Mary E. Resley, sister of Senator D. W. Voorhees, of Indiana, took place Thursday in New York.

The supreme delegates of the Catholic Knights of America are in session in Chicago. The organization now numbers fully 18,000.

The imports of dry goods in New York for the week ending to-day amounted to $1,093,443. The amount thrown on the market was $1,660,100.

Governor R. A. Alger has brought Munkacsy's famous picture "The Last Days of Mozart," having $50,000, and will present it to the Detroit Art Museum.

By a vote of 53 to 34 the Michigan House passed a high license bill. The general tax is placed at $500; and on wholesale and retail establishments $800.

In the new convention between the Porte and Great Britain it is agreed that the period of the British occupation of Egypt shall be not less than two and not more than five years.

Reports received at the Treasury department show that 6,500,426 trade dollars have been redeemed to date. The law authorizing the redemption has been in operation over two months.

Washington hotel keepers are beginning to fear that the national drill is not going to be a great success, as very few persons up to the present time have applied for apartments for the drill.

Prince Bismarck has given official statutory notice to the house and land owners concerned, that the government contemplates an extension of the fortified area around Strasburg, Metz and Posen.

The Southern Baptists closed their session in Louisville Tuesday. The temperance report was adopted after much discussion, many of the delegates not even favoring liquor for medicinal purposes.

Negotiations have been completed by the Pullman Athletic club, by which the Hanlon-Gaudaur sculling race for the championship of America will take place at Pullman, May 30, instead of Baltimore.

Although the Russian government has treated Sir West Ridgeway, the chief of the British commission on the Afghanistan frontier dispute, with the utmost courtesy, it refuses to abate any of its claims.

As a result of the refusal of the demand of the Boston working brewers, all the union except two left the large brewery of John Hoesle last night. The men desired to establish a new list of prices which will advance their pay.

It is stated upon excellent authority that Willie Sprague, son of Ex-Governor William Sprague, and husband of the late Chief Justice Chase, is to sue for divorce. It will be remembered that he married his stepmother's sister.

The wool growers convention at St. Louis have adopted resolutions recommending immediate steps to secure the repeal of the present tariff laws upon wool, and the passage of a law protecting the American wool interests.

Customs officers at San Francisco, have seized 115 cases marked "nut oil," on the steamer Rio Janerio, which arrived from China. Cases were found to contain hermetically sealed cans of opium placed in nut oil cans. The seizure is valued at $30,000.

Gen. W. T. Sherman says about his recent election as commander of the Ohio Commandery of the Loyal Legion: "Of course, I cannot accept the position. I am living in New York and could not attend their meetings. I am quite beyond accepting such things as a compliment."

The testimony has been received by the clerk of the House of Representatives in the contested election cases of McDuffie vs. Dawson, Alabama; Worthington vs. Post, Illinois; Lowry vs. White, Indiana; Frank vs. Glover, Missouri; and Smith vs. Cox, South Carolina. The time of limitation has not yet expired in the New Hampshire case of Haynes vs. Mackenzie. In the case of Thoebe vs. Carlisle, the period within which the testimony must be taken ended on the 25th ultc., but no testimony has been received.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

The Inter-State Act Furnishes Many Surprises—Business Failures on a Decrease in the United States.

NEW YORK, May 14.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review says: A great revolution in business is going on, with radically conflicting accounts of serious losses at some localities and in some branches, and of wonderful gains at other places or in other departments of trade and industry.

The difficulty of reaching any conclusions respecting the general tendency is much unchanged. The inter-state act is but one of the several causes which contribute to produce this revolution in commerce, while expansion in volume and change in the kind of currency, is another not less important.

The most unexpected results are produced. The inter-state act clearly helps some who bitterly opposed it, and as clearly injures others who expected great benefits from it.

Thus the river business of the west is expanding under the influence of the law and the railroads are at the same time getting larger earnings from the part of the traffic they retain, while not a few cities find, as Cincinnati does, that trade in many lines is greatly embarrassed.

One general tendency is disclosed by the urgent demand for such modification or change of law, especially from those who most favored its enactment. Serious diversion of trade from western cities which have been chief centers of distribution is in progress and the multitude of smaller towns are reaping the benefit.

Western products do not, as a general rule, gain anything in eastern markets. If wheat has advanced 5½ cents since the act went into effect, corn and oats have declined a fraction. Pork is about the same in price, lard half a cent lower, hogs three-eighths cents lower and beef sells at the same average. Cotton has declined one-fourth cent, but this change, like the rise in wheat, is clearly speculative, and therefore threatens a reaction through the curtailment of the demand.

Railroad building is not checked by the act yet, and there is a probability that, by encouraging traffic at many instead of a few centers of trade, the law may tend to the building of numerous local roads parallel to rival lines.

The output of pig iron again increases, reaching about 139,300 tons weekly since May 1. This is probably the high water mark for a time, as many furnaces in the Pittsburg region have since been banked because of the coke strike, while other eastern furnaces discontinue production on account of rail rates.

Very large imports also tend to a depression. The lockout of stove molders has increased in importance, and suspicions are growing that manufacturers desire, through a general suspension of work, to reach a higher range of prices for their products.

Business failures for the last seven days in the United States number 135; Canada, 32; total, 167; against 182 last week, and 176 the corresponding week of last year. The failures are decreasing in all parts of the United States, but not in the Canadian provinces.

Value of Exports.

WASHINGTON, May 14.—The chief of the Bureau of Statistics reports the total values of the exports from the United States of the undermentioned articles, as follows:

Articles.	1887.	1886.
Beef and pork products, 6 months ended April 30...	$41,342,856	$37,841,791
Dairy products, 12 months ended Apl 30...	9,051,284	9,939,166
Cattle, 10 months ended April 30...	7,217,807	8,949,986
Hogs, 10 months ended April 30...	418,877	499,460

LEGAL POINTS.

Is an Agent Accountable to Courts.

CHICAGO, May 17.—M. H. Burchard, who, as the manager of Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co., was before Judge Jamieson last week on a contempt suit requiring him to explain his action in directing an agent of his house to attach goods belonging to Clapp & Davies, at Beloit, Wis., after notification that they were in the hands of Charles Catlin, as receiver, has filed his answer to the proceeding.

He says he was advised by counsel that he might seize the goods, but all he did was to send a telegram on the Sunday succeeding the failure to his agent in Beloit to get ready to attach Monday.

The agent entered suit by attachment without further orders. Burchard denies that the court's jurisdiction extends to another state, and shifts the responsibility on the Beloit agent's shoulders, saying he is only an agent himself, or manager here, for Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co., whose principal place of business is at Wallingford, Conn. Decision in the matter was postponed.

AN INSANE ACT.

Terrible Treatment at the Hands of a Crazy Husband.

CINCINNATI, May 17.—At 4 o'clock this morning a wild eyed man of about 50 years of age, with his long beard torn and his face showing traces of blood, entered the Central police station, and said to the officer in charge, "I am J. M. Goodspeed. I have assaulted my wife. I do not know whether she is dead or not. You had better lock me up."

The man was locked up and an officer sent at once to his home, which is in the extreme western part of the city.

At the house the officer found Mrs. Goodspeed in bed with her face and throat bearing marks of violence.

She was at first averse to talking, but when told that her husband had surrendered himself, she went on to say that they had played croquet on the lawn until nine last night when she retired.

Mr. Goodspeed said he was not ready yet. About 11 o'clock she heard him in the room, but fell asleep.

At midnight she was awakened to find him standing over her with glaring eyes and an awful expression on his face, trying to twist some dark cloth down her throat.

A terrible struggle ensued in the course of which she begged him to desist, offering him the title to her property, but he was inexorable and beat her with something he held in his hand.

Finally she caught his long beard, and with all her force wrenched a portion of it from his face.

This caused him such pain that he relinquished his hold, and a servant entering at that point he left the room.

Major Goodspeed married Mrs. Bodley, a wealthy widow, a year or two ago, after an acquaintance formed at Athens, O., where he was an esteemed citizen, having for a long time served as principal of the public schools.

Mrs. Goodspeed is of the opinion that her husband's mind is deranged, and that view is taken by all who know him.

He was therefore taken this forenoon to the Sanitarium at College Hill, where his mental condition will be ascertained.

He has hitherto borne a spotless reputation and has been held in high esteem by all his acquaintances.

Mrs. Goodspeed will be confined to her room for some time by the injuries to her head, throat and breast.

THE STRIKE IN CHICAGO.

The Employers Are Moving to Protect Themselves.

CHICAGO, May 17.—[Special wire.]—The conditions of the lockout are still unchanged. Both sides remain firm and give no indication of coming to an understanding and resuming work.

The brickmakers declare themselves as ready to work for any employer who agrees to pay on Saturday. They admit that the demand which at first caused the lockout is not now the question at issue. Many of them, especially the Germans, would be inclined to recede from their latest demand and go to work, but for the fact of their having learned that the master builders will insist on lopping off many of the cherished privileges of the union. This attempt to curtail the sway of the union, its members declare, they are prepared to resist to the last extremity.

The master carpenters, the lime dealers, the master painters, the stone quarrymen, and in fact all contractors have come to the conclusion that now it is their turn to make open war on the union. This will formally be done at the meeting of the representatives of the various trades at the Builders' Exchange to-morrow.

Three delegates will be present from each trade, and a code of laws for the government of employer and employe will then be decided. Another poison, who has taken an active part in the recent proceedings of his association, said that the code, among other things, would insist on the right of the master mason to engage all the apprentices they can work; that the walking delegate must be abolished; and that the foreman must not belong to unions.

All workmen who apply for employment and who profess their willingness to submit to the terms of the code will be put to work.

The employers repudiate the accusation that they are engaged in a crusade against unions. On the contrary they say they favor unions in favor of well conducted unions. They freely admit the wisdom of men combining for their protection and advancement, but they claim the union, by its arbitrary demands and absurd proceedings, has become intolerable, and as the reformation which it needs to make it beneficial to its members can not be effected from within, they propose to accomplish it

The bricklayers act as if the present situation to them is quite agreeable and that they are satisfied with the prospect for the future. They say word has been received from the executive officers of the international organization announcing that none of its members would come to Chicago to take the places of the men locked out.

A large number of men left the city yesterday. They went to Sycamore, Ill., to Omaha, Neb., and Wichita, Kas., where work has been secured for them.

A general lockout of carpenters will be inaugurated by the Master Carpenters association to-morrow night. The master carpenters have determined to support the masons.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

Its Location not Decided—Other Points of Interest.

NEW YORK, May 16.—[Special wire.]—The Pope, in a brief to Cardinal Gibbons, has approved some of the plans for the proposed Catholic National university. He coincides with the American bishops in believing that the administration of the university should remain forever in the hands of prelates.

The question of location, however, he leaves open, and desires the opinion of every bishop in the country, as well as of those outside the confederation, before anything is fixed. The commission has made several other recommendations. It suggests that the professorships of sacred science be open to secular and regular priests, even if foreigner.

The rector of the university must be able to devote all his time to it, and yet be of the Episcopal dignity. The commission therefore urge that the Right Rev. John H. Keane, of Richmond, be relieved from the cares of his diocese and made rector of the university. Finally, it is declared that there is no intention to weaken the American college at Rome, but the bishops, on the contrary, will take care that a number of choice subjects are always sent to be trained at the fountain head of Christianity.

The members of the commission are Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore; Archbishop Williams, of Boston; Archbishop Corrigan, of New York; Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia; Bishop Spalding, of Peoria; Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul; Bishop Keane, of Richmond; Bishop Martin, of Dakota; Monsignor Farley, of this City; Rev. John Foley, of Baltimore; Rev. Messrs. P. L. Chappelle and S. Lee, Washington, and Michael Jenking and Thomas E. Waggaman, laymen.

CAPT. CRAWFORD'S CASE.

His Death was Purely an Accident—The Mexican Statement.

CITY OF MEXICO, May 17.—[Special wire.]—Senor Mariscal, the Mexican minister of Foreign Affairs, has addressed a letter to the United States Legation in answer to several communications from Mr. Jackson, the former minister from the United States, giving the results of an official investigation by the Mexican government into the circumstances of the killing of Capt. Crawford, of the United States army, 4th cavalry, by a body of Mexican troops while he was in pursuit of a band of Apache Indians.

Senor Mariscal states that the shooting was done by a party of one hundred volunteers raised by Mauricio Corredor, a citizen of Chihauhua, to protect his property from the depredations of the marauding Apaches. The scene and incidents of the fight are described. Corredor and four other Mexicans were killed. The firing was stopped as soon as the Mexicans ascertained they were fighting United States troops and not hostile Indians.

Senor Mariscal says:

The Indians who were attacked on the day are the same who committed the raids mentioned on Mexican territory. They were dressed just like the hostile Indians and had in their possession the stolen cattle, which they refused to remove, and violently resisted. A formal demand was made for it by the Mexicans. It is not true that Capt. Crawford waved a white handkerchief when the fight commenced.

The Americans were no uniforms or insignia of any character whatever, nor did they show any proof of being what they represented themselves to be, except a single scrap of paper written upon with a pencil. Thereafter found in the possession of the Indians was recognized by the Mexicans as belonging to some farmers in Chihuahua, from whom it had been stolen.

The agreement allowing the regular troops only of either country to cross the boundary in pursuit of hostile Indians did not contemplate that Indians without uniforms or other military insignia should come into Mexico, where they have committed so many raids, and then succeed in returning to their reservations as innocent men and be fed and clothed by the United States government.

HIS BIGGEST BOOM.

America Good Enough for Cruegie—"Anglo-Maniacs" Hit Hard.

NEW YORK, May 17.—[Special wire.]—The following letter has created quite a sensation among the Anglo-maniacs in this city. Mr. Andrew Carnegie having been requested to attend the preliminary meetings at a later date to contribute to the fund for the proposed celebration of the Queen's jubilee in New York, addressed the following reply to the treasurer of the fund, Mr. John Patton, banker:

BONCHURCH, ISLE OF WIGHT, }
May 5, 1887. }

MY DEAR SIR:—There are several good reasons why I cannot subscribe to or sympathize with the proposed jubilee.

First—I am an American citizen and a very staunch republican—a man who rejects the monarchical idea as inconsistent with and insulting to his manhood. I should stultify myself were I to celebrate the reign of an hereditary ruler.

I was born as free as Cæsar.

Second—I am at a loss to see what naturalized American citizens have to do celebrating the reign of any sovereign monarch. If they are not loyal republicans and true to the land of their adoption, it is open to them at all times to leave its shores and find homes elsewhere. The republic deserves to be served by citizens true to the fundamental idea upon which her political institutions are based.

I infer that this view is shared by the most distinguished of these gentlemen of New York, who, like myself, were born the subjects of the monarchy for I observe with satisfaction that your committee has been compelled to select a Canadian as president, and as also chief orator, eminent and justly honored men, but still quite foreign to New York as are the others.

A New York demonstration, presided over and also addressed by imported Canadians, will be quite unique in its way, but in no sense will represent New York.

I recollect that a New York men of position could be found who could so far forget themselves as to appear upon republican soil as the eulogists of monarchy.

To such of my fellow countrymen as see proper to enjoy the blessings of a residence in America, and yet remain aliens, I venture to suggest that the canons of good taste, not less than gratitude to the republic to whose hospitality they are indebted for so many favors, should lead them to hesitate before parading and forcing upon the knowledge of their perhaps too generous host that their allegiance is to a foreign ruler and their preference for political institutions vitally opposed to those of the land in which they dwell and prosper.

In conclusion, my dear Mr. Paton, if our fellow countrymen must celebrate anything let me suggest to them that the proper day for a political demonstration in New York is the Fourth of July, and on that day let them pray that the day is not far distant when our less favored countrymen at home shall share with us the blessings of institutions founded upon the political quality of the citizen—the day when hereditary privilege will be unknown, and when "government of the people, by the people and for the people" will be the watchword of English-speaking men throughout the world.

Sincerely yours, ANDREW CARNEGIE.

HUNTING A SALAMANDER.

A Vicious Animal Wandering in the Streets of New York.

NEW YORK, May 17.—[Special wire.]—About ten days ago Charles Reiche & Bros., dealers in animals, received two salamanders from the interior of Japan. These Japanese terrors have excited great attention, not only because they are the only ones ever imported into this country, but on account of their size and reputation.

Anything that they touch is rendered poisonous. Water in which they have poked their noses becomes so deadly as to kill any living thing that touches it. The reputation of the salamander in regard to fire is well known. It is believed that these animals have many other bad habits about which there are theories.

On Sunday the two warty beasts were left in a shallow tub, and yesterday morning both had escaped. The larger of the two was found in a corner of the room, and without much difficulty was picked up on a cloth and put back in the tub.

The little one had left a watery trail in its flight, which led out of the door and half way down a flight of stairs to a hole just big enough for the creature to squeeze through. The wandering salamander must have made a quick descent to the cellar floor, where a young black bear of great amiability of character was chained to the walls.

The fall probably soured the salamander's temper and made him anxious to smash things, for when the store was opened up yesterday morning, the bear was lying dead in its corner with froth about its muzzle and its body drawn up as if it had suffered cholic.

No marks could be found on the bear's body and no autopsy was made. That will come in due time, for everybody wants to know just how the salamander gets in its deadly work.

The rest of the store was thoroughly searched during the day, but the lizard was not to be found. Last night a stream of water was left trickling down into an iron bason in the hopes the pleasant sound would attract the salamander who must be very dry indeed by this time. The unfortunate part of the affair is that nobody knows whether the salamander kills its victim by biting, spitting, or merely getting into the same county. This uncertainty makes the hunt peculiarly exciting.

HERE'S A SPECTACLE.

Russell Sage to Take the Ribbons in a Four-in-Hand Race at Fleetwood Against Time.

NEW YORK, May 14.—Just think, ye New Yorkers, who dote on the turf and the joys thereof; just think of this for a spectacle: Russell Sage, Wall street's king, perched behind a flying four-in-hand, and dashing around Fleetwood's race course bent on breaking a record.

Odd spectacle, eh?

So it is; but for all its oddity it is a spectacle that you may very soon have the delight of looking at a fond dream.

A purse of $5,000 is at stake. The best four-in-hand trotting record was made last year (2:48) by Gordon, of Cleveland, who, convinced that nobody is likely to be able to lower that time, has made a standing offer of $5,000 to anybody who can break it.

One of Mr. Sage's friends, Lawson N. Fuller, the agitator, orator, philanthropist, and student of Harlem goats, was the first New Yorker to give the Gordon wager consideration, and he it was who enlisted Mr. Sage's lively interest. As at first contemplated Mr. Sage was to provide three of the four horses to make up the team. Mr. Fuller to put in the racer that all New York has often seen a-flying.

This plan has been changed, so that now it is proposed that Mr. Fuller and Mr. Sage shall enter one horse each, while Percy Pyne will put in his ten-thousand-dollar pride, and the fourth horse will be either J. C. Stanton's Puzzler, who is unfortunately in bad form just now, or a horse with a record owned by Col. Rathburn, one of Mr. Fuller's Washington Heights neighbors. Mr. Sage's entry will be Louis B., a brother of Mr. Stanton's Puzzler.

FATHER AND SONS

Fighting in the Courts for the Possession of Land.

CHICAGO, May 13.—[Special wire.]—Geo. Strong, a wealthy farmer nearly 80 years old, living near Wheeling, Cook county, is vigorously fighting his two sons, Solomon and George Strong, jr., in Judge Garnett's court, in suits by which the sons seek to compel him to deed them each one of his farms.

They assert that for fifteen years each has occupied one of the old gentleman's farms on an agreement made by him that if they would pay the taxes and keep the farms in repair he would convey the land to the boys. They say they have kept their part of the contract, but that the old man refuses to perform his.

The reason is alleged to be that a difficulty arose between the father and Solomon which led to a fight, and that the old man is unduly influenced by a neighbor. The old man denied the agreement alleged to have been made, and claimed his sons were merely tenants, but were trying to steal his property. He exhibited receipts for taxes which he paid since 1871.

IT TAKES THEIR BREATH.

The Standard Oil Company Convicted of Conspiracy.

NEW YORK, May 16.—[Special wire.]—John D. Rockefeller, president of the Standard Oil company, was informed by a special dispatch from Buffalo of the result of the conspiracy trial early yesterday. (It was a verdict against the Standard.) Later he was seen at his home by a reporter, to whom he said the verdict was a great surprise to him.

"It was a great surprise, not only to me, but to all our people, who thought the evidence warranted an acquittal.

"I have no idea that the case will be allowed to rest. Plenty of exceptions were taken by the lawyers for the defense, and an appeal will doubtless be taken from the verdict."

H. L. Flagler, secretary of the Standard company, declined to say anything about the result of the trial or concerning the developments that may follow.

Michigan Forest Fires.

MARQUETTE, May 13.—Forest fires extend along the South shore of the line of the Marquette to Reedsboro for 50 miles, although threatening no serious damage as yet. Railroad men are guarding all bridges and the towns along the line are fighting the fire successfully. The fires are worst at Anna river and Rock river.

THE COMING CROPS.

How They Are Progressing and Where Rain is Needed.

CHICAGO, May 16.—The weekly crop summary by the *Farmers' Review* says: For the past week the condition of winter wheat in fourteen counties of Illinois is 90 per cent. In Indiana, Clay, Laporte and Crawford counties are 100 per cent.; Hendricks, St. Joseph and Parke, good; Ohio fair; Noble poor. In Ohio the average condition of six counties is 83 per cent; Brown county reports fair to good; Clinton good. In Michigan six counties report 90 per cent; Montcalm reports above the average. From Kentucky, Muhlenburg, Nelson and Trimble counties report 100 per cent.; Whitely county 90 per cent.; Crittenden and Lawrence fair; Webster good. Seven counties in Missouri are 105 per cent; three report good, and one below the average. In Kansas eight counties average 70 per cent; Chautauqua and Graham report good, and Cherokee is damaged by chinch bugs.

Winter wheat counties of Wisconsin indicate 75 to 80 per cent. The spring wheat territory in both Iowa and Dakota report that which the reports were forwarded. It remains a fact, however, that continued dry weather will materially reduce the percentages. Meadows and pastures are reported as needing rain.

WASHINGTON, May 16.—Signal office crop bulletin for the week ending May 14 says: The temperature of the weather has been warmer than usual in all agricultural districts east of the Rocky Mountains. The only section reporting cooler than the average is that lower than the Rio Grande valley, Oregon, Washington territory and Central California.

The excess of temperature over the normal in the wheat and corn regions of the Ohio upper Mississippi and lower Missouri valleys ranged at a daily average of 6° to 11°. In the Gulf states, Tennessee, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Delaware, the temperature constant was 2.5° warmer than usual.

The rain fall during the week has shown a deficiency. Generally, for the wheat and corn regions of the north, the week has been exceptionally favorable. Dry warm weather continues in the cotton regions east of Mississippi, while rains west of Mississippi have been favorable to the cotton crop.

LONG MAY SHE WAVE.

Powderly Stands by the Flag—The Knights of Labor to Give a National Celebration on the Fourth of July, and Side Red Rag Will be Barred.

PHILADELPHIA, May 13.—An official circular from General Master Workman Powderly, Omaha, Neb., under date of May 7, and addressed to the order of the Knights of Labor throughout the United States, was received in this city yesterday.

In it the general master workman recommends that on the next Fourth of July the members of the order, where there is an assembly in existence, hold demonstrations and celebrations in honor of the birth of a people's government.

"In the line of march and on your stands and public places use only one flag—the stars and stripes. No wave of sentiment that no matter where the Knights of Labor citizen was born he respects and honors the United States flag. Show to the world that we are determined to find out what is wrong in our system of government and that we are equally determined to right such wrongs as may exist by peaceful, legitimate means.

"I desire also that the question of the restoration of the people's lands to the care of the people be discussed. Pass resolutions declaring that the holding of from fifty to sixty millions of acres of the public domain by aliens is sinful and un-American.

"Go further, and demand that the alien landlord shall let go his hold.

"Pass resolutions declaring that every acre of land acquired by fraud, perjury or chicanery is an acre stolen, and demand that the thief be required to make restitution to the people.

"Pass resolutions never to take your eyes off the land until one good, plain, simple, honest law shall govern the holding of land, whether the holder be rich or poor, individual or corporation. Make the land for the people, under the people's laws, the question of labor. Labor was not for air, sunshine or water alone that our fathers fought; it was for the land, and we must hold this land free from the shark and the speculator, whether native or alien."

THE MARQUETTE RECLUSE.

Ten Years in One Room and Refuses to Go Out in the Air.

MARQUETTE, Mich., May 12.—[Special wire.]—Yesterday a reporter got into the house of Mrs. Donohue and saw the man who had not passed out doors for nearly 10 years. Lawrence Donohue is a splendidly-built young man, weighing about 200 pounds, is 6 feet 2 in height, and appeared the picture of perfect health. He was neatly and cleanly dressed. The young man said:

"There is nothing strange in my life. Ever since we built the chimney (that is 10 years, and they date everything from that event,) I have been sick and a good deal of the time in bed. My trouble began by the bursting of a blood vessel in the head. For three or four years my head troubled me greatly. I dont know how old I am nor have I been out of doors since we built the chimney. I dont mind it now, but it takes care of me. You are the first man I've shaken hands with since boyhood. I am not crazy, but sick. I don't know anything about Marquette except what I can see from the rear window. I won't be taken out of here. I will commit murder first, and you tell the officers was I never committed a crime and am not ashamed to come out, but am afraid I will fall down in a faint. I will stay in the house as long as I live."

DRIVEN FROM HOME.

Texas Takes Up Missouri's Tactics With a Vengeance.

TAYLOR, Tex., May 13.—[Special wire.]—A few nights ago seven men went to the residence of James Trim, south of town, called him out, then with drawn guns compelled him to go with them a short distance from his home, where they gave him a hard whipping. His body was badly lacerated and Trim told his wife and husband from the house, but was ordered back to her room at the point of a revolver.

Trim had been sending his children to school, and the female teacher had whipped one of his boys severely. In a fit of wrath Trim had written a note to the teacher, telling her she did not know how to teach; that she had beaten his child unmercifully, and that if she were a man he would whip her.

The outlaws purchased tickets for Mr. Trim and family and sent them out of the country, but the family will be brought back to identify the men. Trim and wife recognized six of the seven. The first arrest was made yesterday in the person of Willie Lewis. Warrants have been issued for the arrest of the other six men.

EIGHT MILLS WASHED AWAY.

Heavy Rains in North Carolina and Virginia.

PETERSBURG, Va., May 13.—[Special wire.]—The heaviest rains known for more than 15 years have fallen during the last two days in the vicinity of Welden, N. C., and also in the counties of Southampton, Isle of Wight, and Surry, this state.

The rivers and smaller streams have overflowed their banks, and all of the lowlands are completely inundated. In Isle of Wight county alone eight mills have been washed away, and nearly every bridge in the county has been carried out by the angry waters.

It is reported that the corn and peanut crops in each of the above counties have been entirely ruined.

SHERMAN OR BLAINE.

Gen. Keifer Favors the Former—Foraker for Governor.

WASHINGTON, May 13.—In an interview upon Ohio politics ex-Speaker Keifer said to-day that the intelligent people of Ohio were in favor of Sherman for President, and that they would renominate Foraker for Governor and re-elect him. The Democrats he said had no chance of electing a governor. Sherman could carry Ohio. In fact, either Sherman or Blaine could carry the state. He didn't think Foraker would enter the Presidential convention. Cleveland, he added, is unpopular with the Democrats. "I know he is very unpopular with them out my way, but he can get the nomination. He may grow in strength among the people, but he is not strong enough now to be elected. If he is stronger than his party the party will wreck him."

A Corner in Whisky.

PEORIA, Ill., May 13.—[Special wire.]—It is believed here that the whisky pool will be reorganized at once. The distillers are said to have a big scheme on hand. They have not increased capacity materially since the pool suspended.

STAND FROM UNDER.

Somebody is Going to Get Squeezed When the Deal Gets Ripe.

CHICAGO, May 16.—The orders which are received by the brokers who are employed in the big wheat deal which is now on at Chicago, all come signed "Nelson," and start from Cincinnati. This is one of the few secrets which have leaked out about this clique which now has bought not less than 40,000,000 bushels of wheat at Chicago, and owns the wheat at St. Louis, Toledo, New York and San Francisco, and probably half the wheat at Liverpool.

The secrecy with which this huge manipulation has been carried on has been one of the amazing things about it. No such mystery was ever preserved for 90 days around a transaction that involved probably $20,000,000, and that takes in perhaps a dozen millionaires. All the messages which are received touching the deal come either to C. J. Kershaw or A. W. Green, and are sent in cipher. Perhaps "Joe" Wiltshire, of Cincinnati, has had a good deal to do with the manipulation. He is a brother-in-law of Fingler, the treasurer of the Standard Oil company.

"Nelson" proposes a grand master stroke this month if his communications are to be believed. He has been much worried of late because he could not get vessels in and out of Duluth because of the ice, and because ocean room could not be got at New York. If his arrangements can be perfected they all mature a vessel quantity of wheat is to be started out of Duluth, out of Milwaukee, Toledo, New York, and perhaps Chicago in the same week. In the height of that enormous movement the Chicago shorts are to be given some attention.

This is a wheat deal engineered by the richest men in the country, and they are being helped by every possible natural influence. The wheat fields are parched, a myriad of flies and bugs are reported, and the demand for wheat from abroad was never so big in the history of the trade. It is estimated that the holdings of the clique here are 40,000,000 bushels. If it were specified it would be like this: Cash wheat, 9,000,000 bushels; May wheat changed to June, 9,000,000 bushels; June wheat bought in April, 7,000,000 bushels; June wheat bought last week, 10,000,000 bushels; June wheat bought this week, 5,000,000 bushels. Total, 41,000,000 bushels.

BLAINE'S MOVEMENTS.

He Will Not Go to Europe But Will Watch Sherman.

AUGUSTA, Me., May 16.—[Special wire.]—James G. Blaine, Gov. Bodwell and Jo. E. Manley, with a part of Mr. Blaine's well-known lieutenants, have been at Bar Harbor for the last few days making preparations for the summer.

In spite of the statements that Mr. Blaine intends to sail for Europe June 6 for several month's absence, it is generally understood that he has no such intention.

On the contrary it is said by his friends that he is making ready for a vigorous campaign and that Bar Harbor will be the political headquarters this summer.

It is to mature these arrangements that he has taken his faithful followers to Mount Desert to perfect his plans.

One of Mr. Blaine's strongest hopes is the labor vote. If he leaves America and hides himself abroad until next fall, he will miss many opportunities to keep his grasp on the laboring men that may offer in the meantime. He will also be unable to keep his eye on Sherman.

These two points are of two much importance to the Plumed Knight to lose sight of, and are considered effective answers to the rumors that he intends to go abroad. A conference of the Republican leaders has been called to assemble at Bar Harbor this summer when the pulse of the party will be felt.

By the time Mr. Blaine closes his cottage he expects to know whether it will be possible for him to get the nomination for 1888. In case he is strong enough in the Presidential line fails him, it is fully believed he will conclude to go back to the Senate.

If he cannot be elected President, he will not be contented to stay in his library in Augusta writing books. The Maine statesman is more inclined to make history than to write it.

In case he concludes that he would like one more term in the Senate, there is no doubt that he can have the place. Maine Republicans are well united on Blaine, and it is the ambition of most of them to see him get whatever he wants.

Hale, Dryden or Boutelle would be sacrificed without a thought if, by so doing, the desires of the Plumed Knight could be advanced. If Blaine is not the next Presidential candidate the antipathy against Sherman is so great here that Maine will become an uncertain state.

NORTH CAROLINA CRIMES.

A Resort to Arson to Intimidate the Supporters of the Law.

RALEIGH, N. C., May 16.—[Special wire.]—There is much excitement in Oxford, this state, pending the trial of a negro named Tabor, for assaulting a white woman, the wife of a prominent physician. The citizens go about armed, ammunition has been distributed to the local military company, and there is every indication that blood shed is expected.

The particular cause of this unusual preparation on the part of the white population is because the prisoner's friends have threatened to introduce Tabor's defense that he was asked to go to the house in the absence of the woman's husband. The complainant is of such high standing, and so much respected in the community, that the citizens say they will drag the prisoner from the court-room and hang him to the nearest tree if any such testimony is offered.

The trial comes off this week. The circumstantial evidence is alone sufficient to disprove the negro's counterchange. The assault took place about three months ago. Tabor entered the lady's residence at night. She awoke to find him by the bedside and that she discovered it was not her husband. She tried to escape from the room, but Tabor prevented her, and she then sprang through a window and fled to a neighbor's house.

An alarm was given, and a few hours later the negro was captured. The exposure to the night and the shock to her nerves completely prostrated her.

A rumor of lynching reached the negro settlement in Oxford. Without learning the truth of the report, and attributing the threat to the citizens of the town, they planned to burn the place. In a windy night in March, a brother-in-law of the prisoner set fire to a large tobacco warehouse in the business section of the city. More than $100,000 worth of property was destroyed.

A young man had already received an anonymous letter warning him that the town would be burned if Tabor was lynched. Had not this been sufficient, the actions of the negroes, the boisterous laughter during the fire and their refusal to assist in removing goods, would have assured the whites that the fire was incendiary.

Bloodshed was averted only by the negroes retreating before the drawn revolvers of the white men. A detective was employed to find out the principles. The result was the arrest of the negro Noel, who applied the torch, and one other. The evidence against Noel was conclusive, and he would have been at once hung to a chimney but for the hope of securing others through his turning state's evidence. Further arrest an outbreak has been even more imminent, the blacks expecting daily that their imprisoned friends will be lynched.

O'BRIEN AT OTTAWA.

His Friends and Foes May Go to War Over Him.

OTTAWA, Ont., May 16.—[Special wire.]—There is a strong feeling here over Mr. O'Brien's coming to the capital. On the one hand the Orangemen, of whom there are several thousand, declare if he comes to the home of the governor-general they will mob him, while the friends of Home Rule, equally strong, declare they will protect him if need be at the point of the pistol.

He is coming, that is sure, and in the present excited state of the public pulse, it looks as though a row was imminent.

He will draw the largest crowd here of any city in Canada, and if blood is not shed it will be because the good sense of the Orangemen will prevent their making any attack on him.

The feeling of the Canadian people generally is that the move is a most injurious one, and that while Mr. O'Brien will make no converts he will awaken a feeling of hostility which should have lain dormant and would in time died a natural death.

LEPROSY FOR NINE YEARS.

A Minneapolis Man Terribly Afflicted.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., May 13.—[Special wire.]—The city physician was called to the East Side flats, yesterday, to visit Jos. Anderson, a Norwegian. The man was found to be a victim of leprosy. He is 36 years of age, has the appearance of being an old man. He is evidently in the last stages of the disease, having been a sufferer for nine years.

He has a family of three children, who thus far have escaped the terrible disease. Anderson contracted leprosy on the west coast of Norway.

He has suffered greatly at times, and now fears that the disease has attacked his bowels. The case is proving of a great deal of interest to physicians.

CANADA TALKS WAR.

A Day of Fighting to Come—Speeches in the Ottawa Senate in Favor of Coast Defenses Along the Lakes, to be Ready for Any Emergency—Canadian Topics.

OTTAWA, Ont., May 14.—The Senate has aroused from the lethargy so common to that body and discussed the matter of coast defenses in case of war. It was brought up by Senator MacDonald, who urged that Russia and France might become embroiled with England at any hour, in which case Canada would be attacked.

He thought from the information in his possession that ample coast defences should be prepared at once. In the present strained condition of affairs trouble might come with the United States. The matter of defense was one better done in time of peace than during the turmoil of war. He considered it the duty of Canada to place the most exposed portions of the ocean and lake coast, both east and west, in a strong defensive position. No one could say just when an emergency might arise.

Senator Dickey said he did not think the government should be asked to say what they intended to do. True, they had a restless and vigilant foe, anxious to get all the information possible regarding these matters, and he considered the matter should be considered as a very delicate private communication.

For himself he knew the people of the Atlantic coast was about to erect fortifications and place their guns in position. And more than that the people of that district intended to buy guns.

The government has decided to expend $60,000 more than last year in the way of coast defenses, and will, as well, arrange at an early day for a large supply of the rifle and three-pound Nordenfelt guns, to be placed in position along the Atlantic and Pacific as well as at different points on the coast.

Only a few days ago the English government forwarded three heavy cannons to British Columbia, to be stationed at Port Moody, and several others are to be placed at different points along the Pacific coast. It is not at all unlikely that an early day a regiment of English soldiers will be dispatched for regular service in British Columbia.

CANADIAN IRON INTERESTS.

A Protest Against the Increase in the Duty on Raw Material.

NEW YORK, May 14.—The enormous increase in the duties on iron came like a thunder clap on the manufacturers here, and is likely to bring the government in some little trouble. A number of the leading manufacturers were seen, and nearly all said they would have to close up certain lines of business and cancel a number of contracts.

They estimated their probable losses at from $15,000 to $50,000 per annum. The rolling mills will have to close up altogether unless something